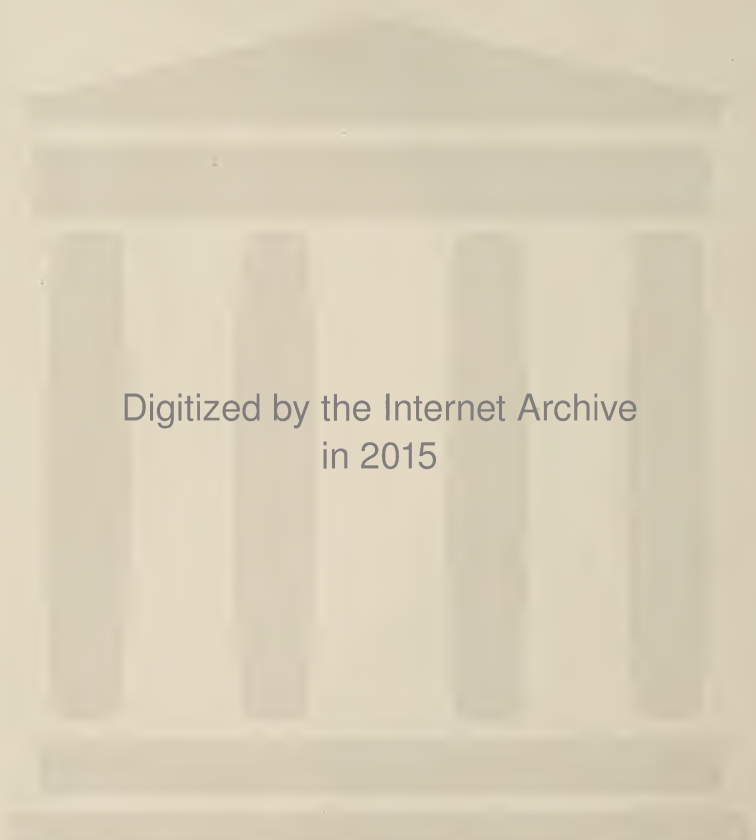
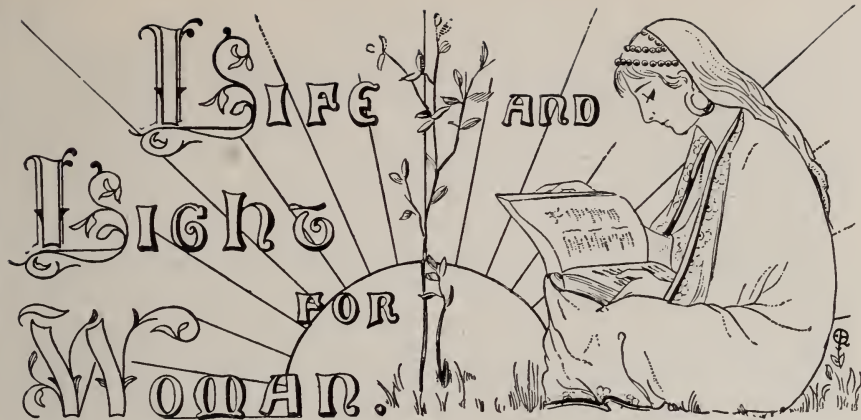


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VOL. XXVI.

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No. 5.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT? It is said that the times are hard. We shrink from the possibility of making them any harder in the mission stations of the many lands where our work is begun. With the new dates of our financial year, the fifth month closed March 18th. Our receipts from contributions for these five months from October 18th were \$38,726.78. More than one tenth of this amount has been given for "specials," including Armenian relief, American Board debt, and various other objects. This reduces the amount available for the regular work for which the Board has *pledged* itself to \$34,617.13. A large part of this has of necessity been appropriated to work which the Executive Committee could not refuse for 1896. During this time the Board has received from legacies \$6,649.29. Money received from this source is always needed for extra work which every year is sure to demand, but which is not included in the ordinary pledges of local societies.

In the face of these facts, the amount necessary to be raised between March 18th and October 18th is three times as large as the amount already received for regular work. We appeal to you, officer of branch, auxiliary, or mission circle, and to you individual reader, What can you do about it?

While we hear much from Miss Child of her enjoyment in visiting the various mission stations, many reports come also of the joy and cheer her visits are bringing to the workers in India. Mrs. Sibley writes from Wai:—

EVERY minute of their visit was a delight to us. Their loving interest and sympathy in all they saw inspired us with cheer and new courage. I thought I understood before something of the loving work and self-denying

interest some of you dear people at home have, but since our delightful talks with Miss Child, and seeing her own intense love for the work, I realize it more and more, and my heart grows warm and is strengthened as I remember such women are working and praying for us and the beloved work. God bless and multiply you more and more.

In behalf of womanhood in the world to-day, it is pleasant to know that the "first lady" in many lands takes a stand for righteousness and mercy. Miss Frances E. Willard, in her annual address before the national W. C. T. U. in Baltimore, last October, said:—

THE Empress of Japan takes the leadership of the Red Cross, and makes no distinction between Chinese and Japanese in her ministrations of mercy; to-day she is the central figure in her empire for Christian progress. The Dowager Empress of China is the same in that great realm to-day; she is a reader of the New Testament, and as much outraged by the recent massacres as we are. The same place is occupied by the Queen Regent of Spain, who will not attend a bull fight; and it was occupied by the Empress Regent of Germany in her merciful work for the flood sufferers during the hundred days when Frederick the Good was nominally, but the Empress really, at the helm of state. So it was with the Empress of Brazil when, in the absence of Dom Pedro, she freed the slaves.

Among the dangers worse than death to which young girls in Armenia have been exposed, it is a comfort to know that our boarding schools have been a haven of security and rest, though many of the pupils have been rendered orphans and homeless by the massacres. Mrs. Andrus, of Mardin, writes:—

MANY are begging to come to us,—orphans, half orphans, naked, homeless, and hungry, begging their bread from door to door. We have accepted seven such dear girls, all from homes we have long known and loved, all in every way suitable for the school in age and in moral and mental ability. Those who are strangers to us, or known to be unsuitable, we try to help in other ways, finding them homes in families where they receive shelter, and food and clothes for the small service they can render. For the seven accepted as pupils the school assumes only the expense of their board and books. Did we do wrong to take them? And shall we say "No" to several more just as suitable who are begging to come, because we fear the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil may fail very soon? Some who have come to us could only have been rescued and brought to us by a muleteer friend we possess, a Koordish giant who fears no one, and whom all fear. It seems to us that the Lord gave him to us for this very work, and that in every case when these poor little waifs have been left at our school gates we have heard the Master's voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," has been abundantly fulfilled to our missionaries in Turkey during the dark days through which they are passing, and the stories of their Christian heroism are innumerable. In midwinter Mrs. Perry, of Sivas, writes:—

I START New Year's Day for an investigation of Gurun station, where our chapel has been burnt, and perhaps three thousand people slain and a thousand homes burned. Mr. Perry cannot go, as Mr. Hubbard and family are still in Constantinople; so I have two Turkish soldiers as a guard, and an Armenian preacher as my translator. The Consul, Dr. Milo A. Jewett, asked permission for me to go, and it was cheerfully granted. The soldiers are responsible to the Governor General for me, and we carry some relief with us. It means four days on horseback over the mountains, but God has given me courage to go without Mr. Perry or any other English-speaking person.

INDIA.

BIBLE WOMEN'S WORK IN MADURA.

BY MISS A. B. CHILD.

FROM what I have seen of the work of the Bible women in Madura and the surrounding villages the last two or three weeks, I am convinced that it is not surpassed by any similar work in the missions of our Board, and perhaps not in those of any other society. Its foundations were laid years ago by Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Capron, and again and again since I have been here I have heard emphatic testimony to the wisdom which made direct Bible teaching the chief corner stone. No fancy work or accessories of any kind have ever been used to gain entrance into houses. From the early days to the present time, invitations have been received to teach women to read and "to be like European ladies," with the understanding that there shall be no Bible teaching nor mention of Christianity,—this is especially desired to-day among the Brahmins,—but all such invitations have been steadily refused. No missionary or Bible woman will consent to receive pupils in any house except for the avowed purpose of reading or teaching the Bible. A primer has to be used for the first rudiments, but passages of Scripture, Christian hymns, and a simple catechism are taught in connection with it. The second reading book contains much gospel truth, and the next step is to the Bible itself.

More than twenty-five years ago "Mother Chandler," as she is still affectionately called by the missionaries, became greatly burdened over the women of Madura, and extremely anxious to commence a Bible work

among them. Every door was closed against her, however, and how to gain an entrance was a problem difficult to be solved. At last she found one woman who was willing to learn to read the Bible. At that time Gnanaperahasi, a native Christian woman, was seeking employment in Madura, and was glad to earn a little money by teaching this one woman to read. Gradually houses were opened, one after another, and were entered by this faithful woman in the face of opposition, insults, beatings, and persecutions of all kinds. So began the Bible women's work in Madura.

Let us take a brief glance at this work as it exists at present.

An important department is the Bible training school, established with a twofold aim: "First, that the students may so study God's Word as to be led into a deeper Christian experience, and that through the Spirit's indwelling they may receive of that life more abundant which the Son came to bestow. Second, to direct the energy and zeal which must spring from this new life into definite channels of usefulness."

Shall we visit this school at one of its morning sessions? Two upper rooms in the woman's hospital are utilized for its purpose till accommodations are furnished in the new building now being erected. Here are twelve earnest, mostly young, women who are studying for a purpose, and that purpose one that elevates, expands, and develops them in every way. After devotional exercises they separate into two classes,—those of the first and second years. We remain with one that is studying, under Miss Swift's teaching, the Old Testament tabernacle, taking up its types and symbols as foreshadowing the life of Christ. We are grateful for the Tamil language, which prevents our discovering that they know much more than we do of the subject. The next class are on the Ascension of Christ,—the prophecies concerning it,—the description of it in the Gospels,—as vouchsafed him because of his humility,—as affording him an entrance into heaven as our forerunner,—his presence there now as our representative and intercessor; a number of proof texts being given on each point.*

In connection with the two years' course in Bible study the women have practical experience in visiting houses in the city, under Miss Swift's direct supervision. As will readily be seen, the students of this school enter their work far in advance, in training and experience, of those who have not had its advantages.

The general work of the Bible women is familiar to many of the readers of LIFE AND LIGHT. How I wish every one of you could have gone, as we went last Friday afternoon, with Miss Swift, Gnanaperahasi, and Harriet to some of their houses in the city. To take you in imagination is a

*For specimen questions and answers see supplementary lesson leaflet for June.

very poor substitute, but perhaps the best that can be done under the circumstances. As many of you know, native houses, usually containing a number of families, are built around a courtyard, with thatch-roofed verandas opening into it, and a narrow passage into the street. Among the middle classes two or three dark rooms constitute the dwelling; the well-to-do have larger and better rooms; the poor have only the veranda built against the back of another house; the very poor have no home at all, but sleep in the street, and get their food as they can.

In the first house we shall visit lives Sita, one of Gnanaperahasi's pupils. She is a young widow. Her husband died about two years ago, and since that time she has never been outside the courtyard. She can see a patch of blue sky and some mud walls, nothing more. She is expecting us, and has arranged a wooden bench with a piece of carpeting on it for our comfort at one end of the veranda. We seat ourselves, and according to the graceful custom of the country, she hangs garlands of yellow chrysanthemums around our necks, and gives each one a fresh lime. We turn our heads, and, as if they had sprung out of the ground, we

find a crowd of women and children pressing about us; heads, heads everywhere, shutting out both light and air, with even the cracks filled with the heads of babies sitting astride their mothers' hips. One of the trials of missionary life must be work done so much in the midst of a street rabble, curious eyes peering from every direction, and scoffing tongues making re-



GNANAPERAHASI.

marks, pleasant or otherwise. It is not easy to lead in prayer, and to explain Bible truth, and especially to keep the attention of the audience under such conditions. Gnanaperahasi has learned by long experience, however, how to manage such a company. The right women are soon seated on the floor of the veranda, she herself conspicuous in her clean white cloth among them, and she does not lose her alertness for a moment. Her eyes shine like two stars, and her dear old brown hands—the fingers bent far back in her intensity—are in constant motion, now hushing the first loud word from a careless boy, now motioning pupils coming shyly in to a place where they can be seen and heard, finding places for the readers; glowing with pride when they do well, anxiously putting in an encouraging or prompting word in case of failure. All the while she watches the slightest movement of her dear “Swift Missy Ammal,” ready to supply any need.

Ten of her pupils are gathered from neighboring houses, for Miss Swift to examine the results of her teaching. Sita first reads fluently and earnestly the tenth chapter of John, in the midst of perfect quiet, and repeats, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.” “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” After an earnest talk, Miss Swift asks her, “Has the Lord Jesus Christ come to this house?” There is a whole world of meaning in her eyes as she says simply, “Yes; He has.” “And you are one of His followers?” “Yes.” In some houses such an answer would cause furious anger and uproar, but this is evidently no new confession here. Sita is a type of many women in Madura who are known as Christians among their friends and kinsfolk, who are living consistent Christian lives according to the light they have, who have never been baptized or formally joined any church, and who are never numbered in any statistics. Who can estimate the far-reaching power of their influence?

One woman in the crowd attracts our special notice. Her iron-gray hair, her classical features in contrast with the soft, round curves of the faces about her, the superb setting of her head upon her shoulders, make her look like some Eastern queen in disguise. After some urging from Gnanaperahasi she seats herself at the missionary’s feet, and tries to spell out some of the first words in the primer. Gnanaperahasi’s quick eye discerns one difficulty, and saying, “Her eyes are white” (old), hands her own glasses to her, and with her hand on her shoulder encourages her to go on, and slowly and painfully she goes through the page. As we listen we ask ourselves, “Is she not a symbol of the way these Eastern nations are learning of the Lord Jesus Christ,”—slowly, blindly, stumblingly, but surely, with

some of their best leading coming from these earnest native workers? May we live to see the day when humbly and trustingly they shall be sitting at His feet!

I have space to mention only one other visit, at a house where Harriet has two pupils. That we are expected here is evident from the great display of jewelry on some of the younger members of the household,—earrings, nose rings, head ornaments, necklaces, bangles, anklets, and toe rings,—all in the greatest profusion. We go across the courtyard, followed by the usual crowd from the street, beyond the veranda into a large, high room, dimly lighted by openings near the ceiling, and a low partition shutting off one end of the room. Here quite a company of women and girls have gathered.

The first sound that greets our ears is the loud barking of a dog, which resounds from the bare, high walls with deafening force. At this a dozen women and boys begin to scream with great vigor, apparently telling each other what to do with the dog. After some minutes a grand rush is made, and the small animal is ejected into the street.

Attention is next called to eight or ten small boys, who, it seems, have no business in the room except to gaze at the white ladies with wide-open eyes and mouths. The other day, as Miss Swift was going down one of the narrowest lanes in the city, two or three little naked urchins ran jumping up and down before her in great glee, shouting: "The queen is coming! The queen is coming! Get ready; she is coming!" I am sure none of us feel like a queen as we stand meekly by the door listening to another loud and long conversation, which results in the exit of the boys, tumbling over each



HARRIET.

other in their haste to escape. Seizing the momentary lull that follows, Miss Swift seats herself on the mud floor and asks the women to sit near, and with Harriet's able assistance a measure of quiet is secured, although more or less low talking and a restless coming and going continues on the outer edge of the circle. Now and then a man comes out from behind the partition, listens for a while, and then goes back again. There are two women learning to read in this house, and they produce two very much soiled little books, and become most intent on each going through a page. Noise and confusion have no effect upon them, and they scarcely even notice the crying, wriggling babies in their arms. This learning to read is evidently a new and very absorbing interest to them. They also, as in the other house, repeat the texts that have grown so dear to all Christian hearts, and join heartily in singing a Christian hymn.

Again Miss Swift gives an earnest, quiet talk, and from the changing expression in the faces, and the queer little shake of the head that denotes approval in this country, we know that her words have found a lodgment in their hearts. She leads in prayer, and we rise to go. Just then a man appears from behind the partition, and says in very good English, "I beg your pardon, madam, will you allow me to ask you a few questions?" Miss Swift quickly divines his purpose of arguing with her, and of trying to puzzle her with hard questions, and so destroy the influence of what she has said to the women. Experience has shown her that such conversations do no good, and she merely invites him to come to her bungalow the next day, when she will be happy to talk with him. He bows assent and we take our leave. It is needless to say that he did not come to the bungalow.

It is with great regret that I close this article without a word about the work, still more fascinating, if possible, that is going on in fifty-eight villages just outside of Madura, under the care of Miss M. M. Root. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to seat you, reader of *LIFE AND LIGHT*, on a mattress on the floor of her little blue cart, and take you to one of these villages with Ammal, one of the best Bible women in the mission; but this must wait for another time.

In the city of Madura there are eighteen Bible women and twelve students in the training school, who had, in 1895, 1836 regular pupils, and read and explained the Bible to 42,774 women. In the villages just outside there were sixteen Bible women at work, with 829 pupils and 34,035 hearers. So this Bible work goes grandly on, by the wayside, among thorns, in shallow ground, much of it in good ground, by years of labor and prayer. Will you not pray, every one of you, dear friends, for a watering of the Spirit that shall make it an irresistible power in bringing this land to the Lord Jesus Christ?

A DAY IN A MISSIONARY'S HOME.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA S. CHANDLER.

It is not easy to select any one particular day to picture to you, as there is so much of variety in our life. Indeed, our work is sufficient to keep hands, feet, brain, and heart constantly alert, and we never know quite what a day may bring forth, or how our plans may have to be all changed.

This torrid sun warns us to be up and doing early, so seven o'clock finds us all, little folks included, at the table for our morning "tea and toast." Then we have prayers in Tamil; after which I go to the "godown," or store-room, to give out the supplies for the day. The cows and bullocks, the pony and fowls—necessary parts of a missionary's retinue—are not forgotten, and orders are given for the household work and meals for the day. Meanwhile the overland mail has come, and we sit down eager for the home news. Foreign mail day is the weekly milestone in our missionary life. While deep in our letters, here comes a poor Christian woman from a village near by. She tells a tale of sickness and distress. Here comes a school-teacher with a request for supplies for the school. This attended to I hasten to set my own little ones at their lessons, telling them I will hear them when I get back, for now I must go out to visit one of the schools. Several mornings in the week must be devoted to this. The bandy and bullocks are at the door, and I gather up what I need to take with me, and start out. On the veranda a smiling little woman with her baby waits to see me. One is sometimes tempted to begrudge the time given to these merely friendly calls, and yet they are an important part of a missionary lady's work. But it is a real pleasure, as well as duty, to see these dear women thus informally, and try to get a little nearer their hearts.

Now we are ready to start again. A twenty-minutes' drive brings us to the North Gate School, one of the four schools for Hindu girls in Madura. My chief work this morning is, not the ordinary routine of examining classes and noting defects and progress, but to hear some of the little girls recite Psalms they have committed to memory. Those in the IV. standard recite five Psalms each, in the next lower class three Psalms each. They make their own selections, their favorite Psalms being the 1st, 23d, 91st, 100th, 121st and 133d. As a reward each one receives a little book of Psalms. One of the successful girls is a little dwarf, about nine or ten years of age. Except in her little, old face, she does not seem to be more than three or four. Her hands are so tiny she can hardly hold a needle to sew. Another is a poor little girl with a crooked back. She has a happy face, however, and I like to think that in the dear Lord's sight she is straight and whole.

The clock warns me to hurry home. I should like to describe to you some of the sights on the way, but time presses. Our eleven o'clock breakfast is ready, and again we all meet at the table. The cool house, my sweet, clean children, and the punkah are doubly attractive after the morning's work. Prayers with the children follow; and then I hear their lessons, and help them over the hard places. After this, quiet reigns in the household as the little folks lie down for a noonday rest,—a good time for mending or reading as I sit by them in the quiet room,—or perhaps a *tapal* or carrier from an outstation comes with notes to be answered.

Two o'clock finds the household all astir again. Remaining lessons are finished, numberless little duties attended to, and then with many warnings to "be good," I leave again for an hour with the women of the East Gate Church. I cannot attend this meeting regularly, but go as often as I can. We do not find great eagerness to attend women's prayer meetings here any more than at home, but there are always the faithful few whose interest keeps the missionary from getting quite discouraged, and makes her feel that the effort is "not in vain in the Lord," even though some good but tired sister may have enjoyed a little nap during one's most earnest exhortation! The short walk home is made pleasant by cheery conversation with the women.

As soon as the sun begins to think of saying good night, we can venture forth for a little exercise, discarding pith *toppee*, and umbrella. Sometimes it may be a little tennis, sometimes a drive or a call, or merely a little aimless walk in the garden. This afternoon we will go and see a little sick girl who has been having convulsions. She lives but a step or two off, and is better. Her mother has been well-nigh distracted, and feels grateful for the little sympathy we can give.

Night comes all too soon for the many duties left undone, but none too soon for the "flesh" which is "weak."

MADURA, INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY METCALFE ROOT.

Miss Root is again at her work among the outlying villages of Madura, meeting old friends and making new ones. An incident in one of her recent letters shows us through what ordeals some of the women of that land have to pass. She writes:—

My Bible woman led me in and out of the narrow lanes. Presently we heard a noise of voices and of beating of drums, and she told me that one of her readers was being persecuted by her friends. She wished me to see one of their strange ceremonies. I went on a few steps and came upon a crowd

of people sitting on a small veranda. An elderly man with a very determined air was playing or pounding on a strange-looking drum, and singing at the top of his voice. Before him, on the floor, was seated our reader. She was married, but had no children, and her husband and mother-in-law became convinced that a devil had gotten into her, and that was the reason that she was childless. They had persecuted her in several ways before, and now had hired this old priest to drive the devil out of her. This he was trying to do. He was singing about the devils she had, and getting her as excited as possible. His object was to get her upon her feet, and when she danced around in a wild way, then the devil would go out of her. She appeared very sullen and angry when I arrived upon the scene, but every one else seemed good-natured, and they invited me to sit down. I did so for a few minutes, but was much startled to have the woman turn around and glare at me. Her face was daubed with holy ashes, and her fierce eyes made her look really diabolical. I waved my hand to soothe her, but she edged nearer to me, and looked so ready to tear me to shreds, that after a minute or two I beat a retreat. That very morning she had read quietly to the Bible woman. She was acting a part, and felt obliged to keep it up before all the men around, but her excitable nature was probably being acted upon also. I begged the Bible woman to find some way of stopping it all and to ask them to let us sing, but she assured me that it would be impossible to do that; they would only be angry at us, and perhaps hinder her work afterwards. Do you wonder that we mourn when we meet with such hindrances to our work?

LETTER FROM DR. HARRIET E. PARKER.

Dr. Parker, who went to India in company with the Misses Child and Miss Root, arrived opportunely in time to take care of Mr. Vaughan, at Battalagundu, through a relapse of typhoid fever. In the meantime, she says, her diligent study of Tamil makes her feel as though she had returned to her school days. The study began even on the steamer, where the copying and recopying of the Tamil alphabet was a part of her ocean routine. Early in February Dr. Parker accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan to Kodi-Kanal, taking her munshi and the necessary Tamil books, that she might continue the study of the language. Her hope of seeing Miss Child at Kodi was not disappointed, as the latter spent two days there later in the month, enjoying the pure air and the beautiful scenery of that lovely mountain region. Dr. Parker writes from Battalagundu, February 5:—

THE past week brought with it two interesting occasions,—interesting at least to me, a newcomer. The Vaughans had their deferred New Year's reception, and I joined in communion for the first time in a Tamil church.

New Year's calls are becoming popular in India, and the Christians especially have taken up that custom with fervor. On account of Mr. Vaughan's illness we left for Madras January 1st, so the celebration was postponed until our return, and last Wednesday was the day finally appointed. When the first strains of music indicated approaching callers my courage failed, and I wanted to retreat; but I was promptly ordered to a seat on the piazza with Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan. The people came in groups at intervals, often attended with music, of which the greater part came from drums, varying in size and sonority, but always thoroughly beaten, and from a wonderful horn that sounded like bagpipes. There were the boys and girls from the boarding school, the families living on the compound, Hindu boys from neighboring villages, and deputations of Christians from the different congregations in the station. Every group brought garlands to put around our necks, and usually a little offering of plantains or sugar for the missionary. Each person greeted us with a "salaam" and the gift of a lime. The school children repeated verses and sang, sometimes alone, sometimes to the music of violin and cymbals. Mrs. Vaughan had prepared more than two hundred bags of parched rice and candy for the children, but had not enough to go around; so you may see that the callers were not few. The women had little to say but "salaam," but the men talked over their affairs with Mr. Vaughan, and children were brought from several quarters for admission to the boarding school, so that at the end of the day the head master had thirty of them assembled for inspection. Twelve of them had to be rejected; some because they were not up to the required standard, and others because the reduction in funds made it impossible to take them in, though they came from Christian families and were special objects of missionary interest. There are many more children who would gladly come if the school were able to receive them. So the otherwise pleasant day closed with regrets.

Last Sunday was communion day in the church upon our compound. The white exterior of the building seemed more homelike than did the interior, when we entered and found all the people sitting on the floor, the women to the left of the pastor, the girls at his right, and the men and boys in front. The first part of the service was responsive, and the people readily joined in it. Only a few words of the sermon were familiar to me, but it was pleasant to take part in the Lord's supper with Tamil Christians, and it made me feel more thoroughly in sympathy with them than before.

The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

—Elizabeth Charles.

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MISS LAURA M. MELLEN.

It will be remembered that in sailing for Africa last September to join the Zulu Mission, Miss Mellen was returning to her native land, which she had left in her early girlhood. She is stationed at Esidumbini, where she will prove a valuable assistant to Miss Hance, who has so long held the fort alone. Miss Mellen writes from Esidumbini:—

THE station with all its new buildings and improvements had almost gone out of my memory, but the beautiful green hills, glimpses of the ocean in the distance, the blossoming trees and wild flowers, brought back my childhood days very vividly. It is the spring of the year and the rainy season. The people are busy planting their gardens.

I made my first attempt at teaching last Sunday, reading and explaining, in broken sentences, the parable of the sower to a heathen woman who had crept into Sunday school and sat in a back seat by herself. She said she understood! The language is coming back slowly. Some things I can understand quite readily, but it is another matter to try to form sentences of one's own, especially with words that have a similar sound but different meaning. Were it not that Zulus are too polite to laugh at one's mistakes, I fear I should often be a subject of ridicule, because of persistent efforts to speak in my zeal to gain the language. However, yesterday the old Bible woman could not resist a hearty laugh, with apologies, when I asked her if she was bewitched, instead of if she was tired. We had just returned from a kraal a mile away, up and down hill. Hannah talked well and earnestly to the people; men, women, and children listened with close attention and respect. They say she has great power with them, and it seemed as though their hearts must be touched by the simple, direct truths she uttered. These heathen people appeal to me wonderfully, and I am impatient to be able to speak to them in their own tongue.

The field here looks very interesting and full of promise. I can see many and rich fruits of Miss Hance's labors, and room for a great work for the Master. Am I not glad that He has honored me with a small share of this work in his vineyard?

And later from Durban she wrote:—

The schools at Esidumbini closed November 28th with exercises by the children and a Christmas tree, which old and young seemed to enjoy with almost equal zest. Three days' trip by wagon over the Noodsburg took Miss Crocker and me to Maritzburg, where the time since has been very pleasantly spent at the "Cottage," the Rest Haven of the Zulu Mission,

with various ladies of the mission who have come from time to time. Miss Smith has been especially helpful in the study of Zulu. The language comes back slowly, like a long-forgotten strain of music, of the notes of which one feels uncertain; but I am encouraged in finding my tongue has not lost its "clicks," so the pronunciation comes easily, and I am able to understand the people more and more readily. The grammar and dictionary of a language never held so much interest for me as do those of the Zulu, notwithstanding its perplexing construction and numerous "exceptions."

I am glad to report Miss Hance as improving. Her stay in Durban and in Maritzburg have done her good, and I sincerely hope, with proper rest now and due care, she may be spared to her loved work for a number of years. She has sown faithfully and well amidst perplexities and sorrowings, and deserves to see a rich harvest at Esidumbini.

At present I am in Durban for two weeks, to give Mrs. Edwards a little rest from her care of the "Home for Zulu Women." Meals are also served to men. To-day we have had a company of preachers and teachers who are holding a committee meeting with reference to the question of self-support for the native churches. I am very much impressed with the growth and improvement of the people in twenty years, especially as shown in the second generation. One of the men said to me: "You do not find us babes any longer, do you?" Yet those who have had the advantage of study in America grow impatient with the slow progress of their own people, and say "they will not learn to think independently, but must lean upon leaders" (a trait inherent in them), "and it will take two years to decide this question of self-support." We hope their slowness of decision will carry with it sureness!

MICRONESIA.

MISS CROSBY'S JOURNAL.

[We are happy to be able to present portions of Miss E. Theodora Crosby's journal received in advance of the regular mail by the Morning Star.]

JAN. 19, 1895.

THESE past days have been very full—full to overflowing—and the weather has been in harmony; the clouds overflowing and pouring down upon us water and waters in sheets and eddies, a high wind the greater part of the time carrying the rain in every direction at once, whirling round and round our houses, tearing up trees by the roots, and making it decidedly uncomfortable for those of us who were obliged to go out of doors; and, indeed, I did

not have to go out of doors to be made uncomfortable, for after awaking one morning and finding a little stream of water trickling down on my foot, I came to the conclusion that my roof needed strengthening. I also found about a pint of water standing on the top of my large oil stove, and various damp spots on matting and furniture, and, of course, everything that could mold was covered with a white fuzz or a shiny green deposit—books and boots being the worst victims; but such is life in Micronesia!

Saturday, Feb. 2d. We are having the usual ups and downs in our school work, and these days it is sickness among our boys; several have been out of school, and others ought to be but are not willing to miss a day, and so are dragging along somehow and anyhow. The boys who are unable to come to school have sent little notes to tell me the reason of their absence, though I knew they were sick, but they like an excuse for writing and getting a note in reply. I was much amused at the note sent by one of them; he began it in truly apostolic fashion, doubtless copying one of the Pauline salutations: "In the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Amen. My Mother Crosby, I want to tell you of my sorrow that I cannot come to school to-day; yes, greatly as I sorrow, but as weakness has appeared in my back, and a great pain has taken hold of me, a shaking when I walk, so that I cannot but lie still. You pray that God will make me well, so that I can come to school again to-morrow. I am your son, Sam."

I went to see him, and we did pray for him, and with him; he was out of school but two days; he came the second day, but seemed to have such a shaking when he walked, that I sent him back to his house. We are hoping the scholars will all be convalescent soon, though this rainy weather is bad for them.

Saturday, Feb. 16th. Mr. Channon has been having a new canoe made, and to-day I was bidden to the launching. He decided to make an outing of the occasion, and very kindly invited Miss Foss and me to go along; and here we are at Si-a-lat, a village of three houses and a cook house and some half a dozen families, including pigs and dogs innumerable. To-day the *élite* of Kusaie graced the feast with their presence.

We left the mission at Mwot shortly after three o'clock this morning. It was a glorious night, the moon being full, and it was so light one could see to read without difficulty. Two canoe loads of Gilbert boys went on ahead of us, and our canoe was also well filled. We were so sleepy during the first hour or so that we were very quiet. Just as the sun was fairly beaming down upon us in the morning freshness we came to Si-a-lat, where we received a cordial welcome from the assembled people and from the native pastor, Likiak Sa, who was master of ceremonies.

There were two houses for our use; by "our" I mean the whole company, Kusaieans and white folk. In one house great preparations were in progress for the feast, but the other, the one nearest the sea, was for the missionaries; both houses were merely thatched roofs, extending to within three feet of the ground, and open on all four sides. The one we occupied had fresh mats laid on the ground, so it was nice and clean. After we had greeted the people we went over to the other house where they were making *fa-fa*, which is the "*summum bonum*" of a Kusaiean feast. There were four young men, the principal operators, while some half a dozen lesser lights were assisting. Before each of them was a large flat stone, perhaps two feet in diameter; on this they pounded the taro, taking the roots after they had been baked in the *um*, or native oven, on hot stones, and pounding them till it was one solid mass, spongy, like dough; when this process was completed it was put in a clean breadfruit or banana leaf and passed on to other workers, who placed it on the stones in front of them, and added baked bananas to it, kneading them in till they were thoroughly incorporated with the mass. Then it passed into other hands; one man was adding the juice from the sugar cane to a part of it, another added cocoanut milk,—and this, by the way, is not the water in the nut; they grate or scrape the meat very fine, then strain it through a mass of cocoanut fiber; it comes out thick and creamy. Then several others bake portions and place them in sections of banana leaves; a last worker squeezes cocoanut milk and the grated cocoanut on the top like frosting, and the *fa-fa* is done. It is delicious; I wish I could send you some! I believe there is a class of people who make the *fa-fa*; and of this class each has a particular part; no one person makes the whole. The men in Kusaie are the cooks, not the women, but the latter do most of the fishing; the men fish for fun, the women for food.

By and by Likiak Sa brought us some breakfast; they gave us pigeons, breadfruit, bananas, fish and *fa-fa*, and apologized for the meagerness of the meal. We were very hungry, as we had been up six hours, and canoe riding four hours had given us keen appetites. We had brought coffee but had forgotten to bring spoons, and were at a loss how to sweeten it. We finally took pieces of leaves, and used sticks to stir with. We had but one cup, and took turns in using it.

About eleven o'clock the men all went back into the woods to bring the canoe down to the water, and when they were ready one of the boys came and told us. A rough path had been made, by cutting down small trees and bushes; on either side was a real tropical jungle. At length we came out on a little clearing where the new canoe lay. So far it consisted only of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out, and roughly shaped on the outside. The

finishing was to be done later, after it reached the mission station. One of the oldest Kusaieans now stepped forward, and after they had fastened a heavy cable to the canoe, and placed rollers under it, and for some distance on the road seaward, he placed the men at regular intervals, holding the large rope; then he stood by the canoe, and harangued them for perhaps five minutes. He gave a cry,—very much like a college yell,—which was answered by the men; then they gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, which started the canoe, and gave it such an impetus that they ran with it some distance. When they paused the yell was repeated, and the answering cry from the men, the simultaneous pulling, got the heavy canoe over the ground with a rapidity that astonished me. At the last rush it floated on the sea, and their task was ended.

The ride home was delightful; the sun was setting, a cool breeze blowing from the mountains, and there was just enough motion to rest one, almost a lullaby. The moon was rising as we swept round the last point and drew up on the beach of Mwot.

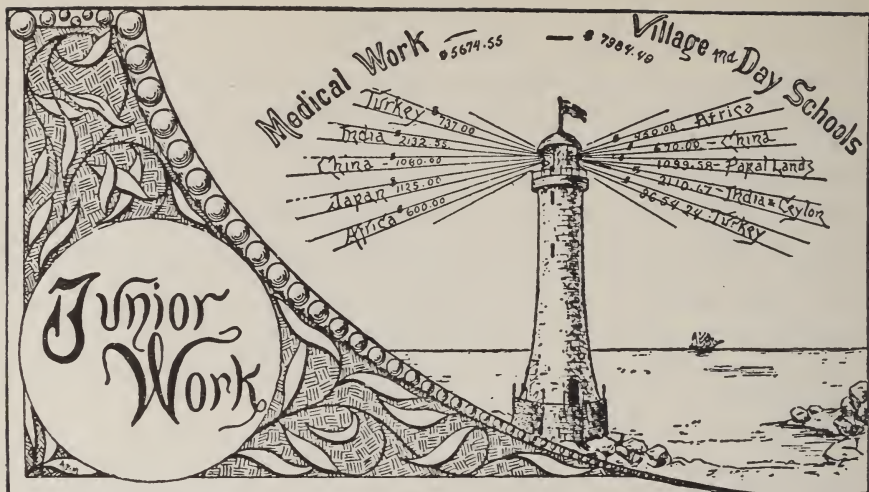
Saturday Feb. 23d. Captain Milander came this week from the west, and brought us a mail from home. A few papers came with news of the Board meeting, just enough to be tantalizing. I was telling some of our new scholars of the meeting, and one asked, "Where is the American Board?" I replied, "In Boston;" and he went on, "How big a city is it? Is it as big as Boston?" I explained what the American Board is, and he was much surprised. "Why, we all thought it was a big city, and you all lived there when you were in America!" That will do to go with another question one of them asked me before, "Are the United States in Boston, or is Boston in the United States?" Boston is indeed the "Hub of the Universe" to them.

A PLACE FOR ME.

Use me, God, in thy great harvest field,
Which stretcheth far and wide like a wide sea.
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. Oh, find a place for me.

A place where best the strength I have will tell,
It may be one the other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.

—Christina Rossetti.



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

SPAIN.

DAY SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. ALICE GORDON GULICK.

(Continued from April.)

PRADEJON.

THE pastor was accustomed to call together the grown people as well as the children on Sunday afternoon to read to them from the Bible or from the religious literature printed in Spanish. When the weather became cold they would go into the large barn of one of the wealthy farmers, and sit on the hay in order to keep warm. Often the hens and chickens would come home to roost before the reading was finished, and they would fly in cackling, lighting on the people or flying over their heads, and old and young remained perfectly serious, listening with unmoved faces until the reading was finished.

The school was held in the chapel. The children were mostly young, for as Pradejon is in a farming country, the older children are placed in the fields to work. However, they made real progress, and at one of the examinations I attended showed really to as good advantage as city children. They learned rapidly from memory passages of Scripture and hymns. For a year this school has been closed, on account of the order to "retrench." The evangelical people feel very sadly about it, and we continually receive letters asking when the school is to be reopened. They are unable themselves to pay the salary of the teacher, but they appreciate the advantages of

Christian education for their children. We cannot understand the providence that hinders our entering such open doors in Spain.

TAUSTE.

This is another village school, which has been carried on at small expense. The teacher is at the same time the pastor, and supports himself by cultivating his fields. In order to do this he rises at three o'clock in the morning and does his work as a farmer. After breakfast he evolves into a school-teacher, the process being sometimes interrupted by special calls. On Sunday morning he is transferred into the preacher. He is an example of the result of persevering self-education, and is to-day a light in a dark place. One of our graduates ought to be there, however, to help in the education of the girls. We are not able to send anyone for lack of funds, and the people are too poor to do anything for themselves. The education of the children in Spain ought not to be neglected. There is a special call now to care for them, and in a few years we may hope for a far different state of affairs.

ZARAGOZA.

The school in Zaragoza is large and flourishing. One of our early graduates has been the teacher for many years. Probably hundreds of children have been influenced in these schools. Many of the children belonging to Roman Catholic families are not brought into the church, but a large number become evangelical Christians and form the nucleus of a Christian Endeavor Society. The older boys have formed a Young Men's Christian Association, which holds them together and to the church, and they help the pastor in his tours among the neighboring villages. It is a center of influence which should be well supported, and yet we are not able to move the schools from the dingy rooms in a dark narrow street, because we have not the means. The time has come for us to plead with those to whom God has intrusted his wealth to use for him, to use a part of it in the regenerating of Spain.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

The day schools of San Sebastian are three in number,—a kindergarten class taught by one of our graduates, and schools for boys and girls cared for by the Spanish pastor and his wife.

KINDERGARTEN.

I went one day into the primary school of the city of San Sebastian to see for myself how the little ones were cared for. The door opened into a large, dark room, where some one hundred and fifty children were running about. One woman, armed with a long stick not unlike those used by turkey drivers

in Spain, was gradually forcing these small people into the garden, or court, for the afternoon recess. I looked into the classroom; there were not nearly enough desks, or room enough for the children, and on making certain inquiries we learned that very little instruction was given. One person could hardly attend to so many, even under the best conditions; and the teacher frankly confessed that it was impossible to do very much besides keeping them in order, as she called it, which to our ideas was very different from the bright, sunny, well-ordered arrangements which we find in Boston schools for the little ones during their school hours.

Another day we were in Pasages, the seaport of San Sebastian, a beautiful land-locked harbor a little to the south. As we were walking through the narrow street—the only one, and so called Only Street (*Calle Unica*)—we looked in through the window upon a set of little ones evidently in school. The teacher was sitting by herself embroidering a sheet; the children were tumbling over the floor, a very few off in the corners lying fast asleep on the floor. As we looked in the window the children crowded to look at us, which attracted the attention of the teacher. I then asked her if they could sing. “O yes,” she said, and forthwith she took up her stick and urged some fifteen or twenty of the older ones to one side of the room, where they sat down upon long benches ranged along the wall, and then they began to sing. She spoke to them in Basque, and the words of the song were Basque. Such howling I never before heard; the little fellows leaned forward, and with all the muscular effort possible, their faces turning red under the violent strain, they fairly shrieked the words, which, of course, we did not understand. Suddenly they stopped, and, in order to give ourselves a rest, I asked the teacher what they had been singing. “O,” she said, “that is a prayer; now they will sing.” And so they began again, working up and down and from side to side, using their vocal cords to the utmost possible extent, until we could hardly endure it. Again the music stopped. “Now,” she said, “the Sign of the Cross.” Every little thumb went up to the forehead,—no, not every one, because two or three were inattentive, so the rest had to sit with their thumbs on their foreheads until the line was complete,—and then they all began to make, or endeavor to make, the Sign of the Cross in concert. We were looking on much interested, when suddenly in the street behind us the words, “the Queen, the Queen,” were heard. We saw that the Queen was crossing the bay in a boat from one of the men-of-war, and we turned to see where she was going. As we walked away the whole crowd of little urchins came rushing out of the school behind us, and had disappeared in a moment, pupils and teacher alike wishing to see the Queen.

These two scenes multiplied indefinitely may give one an idea of what goes on in the day schools supported by government. Uneducated young women as a rule are the teachers; the parents are comparatively indifferent, or ignorant as to what their children do in school. But they are Roman Catholic schools, and the children will be taught the *Doctrina* if nothing else, and this is about all that is provided in the way of public instruction for the little children.

It will not be wondered at that we have seen the necessity of endeavoring to show a better way.

(To be concluded.)

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.—MADURA, INDIA.

BY MRS. HARLAN P. BEACH.

How many children remember the name of the third city which we are to study?

Let two of them personate the children of a missionary now in America, and give their impressions of their childhood's home. Let one begin with, "I remember going with papa to see the great tank east of the city when it was illuminated,—as it always is once a year,—with 100,000 lamps, and the idols from the pagoda were drawn around it on a raft," etc. Other visits to the great temple, noted for the nine imposing pyramidal towers on its outer wall, and for its hall of a thousand pillars, to the ruins of the palace of Madura's most celebrated governor, and to the hardly less important summer palace of a Hindu god, still well preserved, may be described.

The other child may tell of street scenes. "I used to like to see the elephants with their riders, and the sacred cows, and the droves of buffaloes coming in from the country. Sometimes the sights were very sad—poor men with iron frames on their necks, lepers lying in the sun, processions of priests and people carrying a hideous doll for a god," etc. (*Mission Dayspring*, July, 1891. For missionary children's home life, see *Dayspring*, August, 1889.)

Let some stories of Bible women follow, those of Miss Swift's articles in *LIFE AND LIGHT*, June, 1893, and January, 1895, and Miss Child's letter in this present number, for example, each child giving the little account of Martha, Harriet, Annal, and others in his own words. Let them tell of a missionary's visits with a Bible woman out in the hot sun and wind, over burning sands, sitting in the one chair of the house, on a wooden mortar, on a little board "pillow," or on the floor. (*LIFE AND LIGHT*, February, 1895.)

The whole hour could be easily filled with extracts from Dr. Root's breezy letters and stirring articles: "The New Hospital at Madura," with pictures (*LIFE AND LIGHT*, September, 1893); the children who came to her for treatment (*Dayspring*, June, 1889); "Medical Work in the Villages" (leaflet); the Lesson Leaflet for June, 1895, and others. Help the children to see the crowds that come for healing, "the lame, the blind, the deaf and dumb," "the proud Brahman and the despised outcasts," "in purple, and scarlet, and gold," or "in coarse cotton and brass." Remind them how the crowds pressed about Jesus, "the dirty, ill-smelling, cringing Eastern crowd . . . frantic to touch him;" and tell them that in their small way they are helping in work like his, preaching the kingdom and healing the sick.

Our Work at Home.

WHICH THREW HERSELF AWAY?

"THAT was a pure triumph of genius; the prettiest wedding Hingham ever saw, and no money behind it either."

"Yes; but there were magnificent elms and a superb June sky over it, and that sloping lawn and a million roses, to say nothing of us pretty girls, to help along."

"Certainly! We'll take all the credit due. I am proud to have assisted in solving such a problem. Just think, one bridegroom a missionary, therefore no pomps and vanities; the other a millionaire, and all the Dana pride to forbid any King-Cophetua-and-beggar-maid reflections by his relatives."

"But, girls, why did Helen Dana throw herself away on a poor missionary?"

"O, she always loved to give away her clothes and to stifle in a tenement house over some sick forlorn."

"And don't you remember how indignant she was if anyone said in a missionary meeting, 'You may not be able to go yourselves, but you can help those who do go.' She declared that a dozen girls in our society could go perfectly well, and might want to if anyone ever encouraged us to go."

"Well, I don't want to be a missionary, but wouldn't I like to be Alice? Fancy! She can have every single thing she wants."

"If money can buy it."

So the girls talked when the Dana sisters were married.

It was the lack of something money could not buy which half spoiled for Alice that first winter as Mrs. Ringold. How thoroughly she would have enjoyed the luxury, the homage paid to the wealthy bride, the magnificence of feasts and entertainments, the very roll of her carriage wheels, but for the constant fear that she would blunderingly betray how new it all was to her, and so annoy that husband of whom she was yet shy, to whom she looked up with exceeding deference. But she set herself diligently to master unaccustomed conventionalities, and succeeded, of course.

Meanwhile, Helen Dana Lightbody and her husband went their happy way, enjoying to the full the glory of the sea, the novelty and inspiration of foreign lands, and, above all, new revelations of each other. And more and more their common purpose of service to the unhappy lifted all life into an atmosphere of joy and love. At last the journey ended; face to face with the degradation and ignorance which they had come to lighten, they set themselves with zeal to study the strange language and people.

By and by, to both these sisters came the experience of motherhood. She whose purse could command the best of service had that, and only that, during a lonely convalescence, while the exiled sister found tender sympathy and almost mother love in an older missionary.

The Ringold baby, conveyed by his nurse, went to many places unvisited by his parents, and when he died of typhus fever they little dreamed where he had contracted it. Helen's baby died, too, and the dusky women about her, seeing her grief and sweet submission, began to dimly understand what she had been trying to teach them about a "God of all comfort." And so, through her sorrow, she found a way to their joyless hearts.

Years came and went. Other children gladdened both homes. Life brimmed full to both sisters. Mrs. Ringold achieved social success; she tried to be intelligent in art, music, the drama, literature, architecture and current events, and knew she was superficial in all. Her garments were irreproachable; she traveled far; she presided well in city and country house, and felt there was little home life in either. As her calling list grew longer real friendships grew rarer. Multiplied engagements left little chance for heart life with husband and children, and underneath all the glitter, this rich woman felt painfully that she missed the best things of life,—high ideals, moral earnestness, self-reliance, and such mutual sacrifices as keep love alight in families where means and space are limited. She was sadly aware that her sons had more money than was good for them, her daughters but little knowledge that would serve in a day of calamity. But most of all she lamented a moral deterioration to which she could not be blind, both in herself and her husband. They were too comfortable to exert themselves.

When Helen and her poor missionary came home with the children, who must be left in America to be educated, Mrs. Ringold knew that Helen was right in saying: "My children must live in a plain home, where they will have to deny themselves for each other. I do not want them to have costly gifts. Unearned luxuries they are better off without." Helen's hair was gray all too early, but her face shone with radiant peace. How youthful her spirits were, and what delight she took in her friends and in home pleasures so long foregone! How interested she was in all matters of importance the world over! how devoted to the people for whom she had given her life! Even when the dreaded wrench of parting came, Alice Ringold knew that Helen's children would not be so sundered from their parents by continents and oceans as her own were separated from herself, by years of selfish living unto society.

Little by little the Lightbodies are seeing the love of God banish superstition, and hope beginning to dawn in lives hitherto hopeless. They know that they will never see that heathen city a thoroughly enlightened community, but they believe their children may.

The Ringolds are large buyers at the best stores in New York, and their entertainments are among the most costly, but Mr. Ringold does not think it worth while to vote at city elections, and Mrs. Ringold fights off nervous prostration by longer and longer banishments to a sanitarium.

After all, was it Helen Dana who threw herself away?—*From Woman's Work for Woman.*

OUR BOOK TABLE.

For His Sake. Extracts from the Letters of Elsie Marshall, martyred at Hwa-Sang, Aug. 1, 1895. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Pp. 223. \$1.00.

It will be remembered by our readers that on Aug. 1, 1895, mission houses of the English Church Missionary Society in Hwa-Sang, China, were attacked by a band of lawless men, called Vegetarians, and that eight missionaries were killed, while several, including an American lady missionary, were wounded. Among this martyred company was Elsie Marshall, a young English missionary, full of brightness and sunshine,—one who had been remarkably consecrated to her Master from childhood. In her labors of three brief years among the Chinese at Ku-Cheng, she had shown great ability and abounding enthusiasm.

Favored of God with encouraging results, beloved by all co-workers and natives, it was yet the providence of God that she leave the life here on earth, sealing her faith with her blood.

These letters are full of interesting details concerning missionary life and Chinese character, while they reflect a bright faith and inspiring courage.

Rambles in Japan. By Canon Tristram. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. Pp. 304. Price \$2.00.

As the title indicates, this book comes to us from the pen of a traveler, rather than of a resident in Japan. It is in fact the expansion of a daily journal, in which the traveler recorded his sight-seeing and impressions thereof, as he journeyed over the country. The one great purpose which instigated and guided these rambles, we are told, was to master thoroughly the position of missionary work in Japan, especially that of the Church Missionary Society of England; and along with this, was the desire to look into the practical workings of Buddhism as compared with the Buddhism of China and Ceylon. The results of this latter study are but suggested in the journal. We learn much, however, which is valuable and encouraging concerning the mission stations of the Church Missionary Society, their beginnings, growth and present successes. These all appear in their places as the traveler comes to them in his journeyings, jotted down among descriptions of scenery, temples, and national customs. The volume would naturally be classed among books of travel—and this is a kind valuable in missionary study. Particularly do we like to know the physical features which go to make up the setting of a nation so interesting and prominent as Japan. The fair mountain of Fuji is perhaps the only clear, definite picture many of us have in mind, when we think of Japanese landscape, except, indeed, the ornamental trees and masses of chrysanthemums. But to this we may add, from the "Rambles," many other distinct, charming scenes, such as the author calls "minute prettinesses;" also many wonderful objects of nature on a large scale. Of the latter sort is Hakone lake, an enormous mountain tarn, five thousand feet above the sea level, and of unknown depth. Due honor is given to Fuji, towering against a sunset sky.

The large cities of Japan, notably Kyoto, Nikko, Osaka, Tokyo, Yokohama, are described, with their temples. In connection with Kyoto, we come upon the familiar names of the Doshisha and the Nurses' Training School, both of which the author visited with apparent pleasure and admiration. Especially was he surprised at the extensive buildings and work of the Doshisha.

The volume is rendered doubly attractive by many illustrations, clear type and beautiful unique binding.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

The Century, April. "Who are our Brethren?" by W. D. Howells.

The Arena, April. "The Land of the Midnight Sun, Mexico in Mid-winter," by Justice Walter Clark, LL.D.

Lippincott's, April. "Holy Week in Mexico," by O. L.

Atlantic Monthly, April. "China and the Western World," by Lafcadio Hearn. The consideration of a book, "National Life and Character," written three years since by Dr. Pearson.

The Fortnightly Review, March. "The Fiasco in Armenia," by Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Public Opinion, April. "Japan and Her Outlook," an editorial.

Chambers' Journal, March 2d. "The Uganda Railway." "Transvaal Prisons from the Inside." "A West African Story."

The Review of Reviews, April. "An American Heroine in the Heart of Armenia,"—referring to Grace N. Kimball, M.D.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARIES.

June.—Madura, India. A Day with the Bible Women; a Day with the Doctor; a Day in a Missionary's Home.

July.—Jaffna, Ceylon. A Bird's-eye View of the Work; Heathen Festivals.

August.—Kindergartens. In Turkey; in Japan; in Other Countries.

September.—Foochow, China. Chinese Characteristics; Native Christians; Our Workers in Foochow.

TOPIC FOR JUNE.

Madura, India. 1. A Day with the Bible Women. 2. A Day with the Doctor. 3. A Day in a Missionary's Home.

1. For the first section of the topic see LIFE AND LIGHT for April and June, 1893; January, February, July, and September, 1895, and article by Miss Child in this number.

2. A Day with the Doctor. LIFE AND LIGHT, September, 1892; September, 1893; January and May, 1895; Lesson Leaflet for June, 1895; Leaflet "Medical Work in the Villages of Southern India."

3. A Day in a Missionary's Home. LIFE AND LIGHT, May, 1893, and article by Mrs. John S. Chandler in this number.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in connection with the twentieth anniversary of Hampshire County Branch in Edward's Church, Northampton, Mass., Wednesday, May 27th. Sessions at 9.45 and 2 o'clock.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from February 18 to March 18, 1896.

Miss ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Portland, Seamen's Bethel Ch., 5, Mission Band, 10.66; Y. L. M. B., 80, Y. L. Aid, Second Parish, 35; West Woolwich, Young People, 12.50; Calais, Aux., 17.27, Junior Endeavor Soc'y, 2.10; Westbrook, Cong'l Ch., 23.73; New Gloucester, Cradle Roll, 1.75; Albany, 5; Waterville, Willing Workers, 5; Brewer, Ladies of Cong'l Ch., 3; Biddeford, Y. P. S. C. E. of Pavilion Ch., 2; South Freeport, S. S. Class, 5,	208 01
Total,	208 01

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss A. E. McIntire, Treas. L. F. B., 100; Derry, First Cong'l Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Exeter, Aux., 16; Jaffrey, Y. P. S. C. E., 7.15; E. Jaffrey, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Keene, Second Ch., Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. W. H. Hurd, 25; Lyndeboro, Aux., 10; Westmoreland, Cong'l Ch., 16; Short Falls, Y. P. S. C. E., 3; Sullivan, East, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Winchester, Y. P. S. C. E., 3.35; Manchester, Miss H. J. Parkhurst, 50; Less expenses, 68.18,	182 32
Total,	182 32

VERMONT.

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bellows Falls, Mt. Kilburn M. S., 40; Benson, Aux., 17; Berkshire, East, Busy Bees, 8.78; Brattleboro, Fessenden Helping Hands, 5; Burlington, Aux., 25; Chelsea, Aux., 10; Hardwick, East, Junior C. E., 2.40; Randolph Centre, Y. P. S. C. E., 3.87; Shoreham, Y. P. S. C. E., 1.45; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., 51; Wallingford, Aux., 35.50; Westminster, Mrs. C. W. Thompson, 5; Error, over charge on reports, 7.20; Less expenses, 15.85,	196 35
Total,	196 35

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. Swett, Treas. Abbot Academy, 25; Lowell, a Friend, 200; A Friend, 80 cts.; Wilmington, a Friend, 1.40; West Medford, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Reading, Junior C. E., 10,	247 20
<i>Barnstable Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, Y. P. S. C. E.,	8 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. West, Treas. Hinsdale, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Housatonic, Aux., 13.65; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 7, South Ch., Aux., with prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. J. M. Wasson and Mrs. E. A. Walker, 18.34; North Adams, Aux., 2.50, King's Daughters, 3,	54 49

<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 15; Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch., Aux., 7; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Y. L. M. C., 12.98, Mrs. Caroline C. Page, const. L. M's Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Mrs. De Witt S. Clark, Mrs. J. C. Labaree, Mrs. C. C. Page, 100,	134 98
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss H. J. Kneeland, Treas. North Hadley, Aux., 15; Florence, Aux., 10; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 8.50; So. Hadley, a Friend, 1; Mt. Holyoke College, 10,	44 50
<i>Hubbardston.</i> —Cong'l Ch.,	3 00
<i>Mansfield.</i> —Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y,	10 00
<i>Mattapoisett.</i> —Junior C. E. Soc'y,	2 50
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Ashland, Y. P. S. C. E.,	25 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss S. B. Tirrell, Treas. Chiltonville, Aux., 11; Easton, Aux., 5; Holbrook, Torch Bearers, 16; Plymouth, Ch. of the Pilgrimage, Y. P. S. C. E., 20; Weymouth and Braintree, Union Ch., Aux., 32.50; North Weymouth, Y. L. M. C., 33; South Weymouth, Old South Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10,	127 50
<i>Phippiston.</i> —A Friend,	1 10
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Brimfield, Aux., 5.25; Holyoke, Second Ch., 75, I'll Try Band, 10; Ludlow Mills, Aux., 32.63; Mittineague, Aux., 15; Springfield, Olivet Ch., S. S., 30, South Ch., Aux., 35,	202 88
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss M. B. Child, Treas. Arlington, Y. L. Soc'y, 25; Auburndale, Y. P. S. C. E., 15; Boston, a Friend, 100, Old South, Aux., 710.50, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 15, Central Ch., Aux., 170.21, Union Ch., Aux., 97.28, Mrs. C. P. Adams, 25, Park St. Ch., Aux., 10; Cambridgeport, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. Aux., 50, Miss'y Soc'y, 10; Dorchester, Village Ch., Junior C. E., 5, Second Ch., Miss M. B. Means and S. S. Class, 10; Needham, Willing Workers, 5.20; Newton, Eliot Ch., Mrs. Charlotte L. Read, const. self L. M., 25, Eliot Ch., Little Helpers, 3; Newton Centre, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Agnes Noyes, 83.33; Norwood, Lookout M. B., 10; Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 10.70; Somerville, Winter Hill, Y. L. Soc'y, 7; Walpole, Harvest Gleaners, 5; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux., 25.20; Waltham, Carrier Pigeons, 20; West Somerville, Day St., Aux., 4.50; A Mass. Friend, 25,	1,466 92
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. A. Sumner, Treas. Ware, Aux., 30; Warren, Aux., 12; Webster, Junior C. E., 2; Worcester, Park Ch., Aux., 5, a Friend, thro' same, 5, Old South Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10, Mrs. D. M. Wheeler, 10,	74 00
Total,	2,402 07

LEGACY.

<i>Reading, Mass.</i> —Legacy of Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Bowler,	50 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Kingston, Junior C. E., 10; Providence, Central Ch., Aux., 5, Infant Class, 5, Beneficent Ch., Aux. (of wh. 50 from Mrs. A. C. Barstow, const. self and Mrs. E. O. Bartlett L. M's), 198.59, Plymouth Ch., Junior C. E., 5,	223 59
Total,	223 59

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Burlington, by Miss Annie C. Broadbent, 2.50; Burnside, Long Hill Aux., 5; Coventry, Aux., 28.25; East Windsor, Aux., 10; Ellington, Aux., 20; Enfield, Aux. (of wh. 25, by Mrs. Joseph Chapin, const. self L. M.), 63.75; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 1, First Ch., M. C., 37, Y. P. S. C. E., 8.40, Park Ch., Aux., 40, S. S., 30, Pearl St. Ch., S. S., 12.25, Warburton Chapel, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Mansfield, Aux., 6; Rockville, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Terryville, Aux., 18, Mrs. Lois Gridley, 7.60; Windsor Locks, Aux., 25, by Mrs. Laura H. Hall, const. L. M. Mrs. Jennie E. Andrews, 25,	354 75
<i>Lakeville.</i> —A Friend,	40

<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twinning, Treas. Bridgeport, West End Ch., Aux., 15.41; Cromwell, Aux., 10.65, Y. L. M. C., 28.91; Guilford, First Ch., A Friend, 5; Third Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 50; Ivoryton, Y. P. S. C. E., 30.54; Killingworth, Aux., 4.60, S. S., 5; Lakeville, Cradle Roll, 1.50; Naugatuck, Aux., 65.60; New Haven, Davenport Ch., Aux., 2.50, Dwight Pl., Fairbank M. C., 25, Humphrey St. Ch., Aux., 5, United Ch., Aux., const. L. M's Miss Helen D. Bradley, Mrs. Sarah E. Champion, Mrs. Katherine Hume Miller, Miss Sarah W. Foote, 150; North Haven, Y. P. S. C. E., 15.53; Norwalk, Aux., 1.50, Cradle Roll, 80 cts.; Portland, Y. P. S. C. E., 3; South Britain, Y. P. S. C. E., 3; Stamford, Aux., 25; Stratford, Aux., 82.57; Wallingford, Y. P. S. C. E., 5.82; Washington, Y. P. S. C. E., 15; Winsted, First Ch., Y. L. M. C., 3, Mrs. M. Hart Perkins, 10; Bethel, Y. L. M. C., 30,	594 93
Total,	950 08

NEW YORK.

<i>New York Branch.</i> —Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Albany, First Ch., Aux., const. L. M's Mrs. Sarah S. Fuller, Mrs. S. Dickey, 75, S. S., 15, Young Men's Congress, 5; Lockport, East Ave. Aux., 20; Neath, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Homer, Mrs. B. W. Payne, 5, Mrs. E. S. Pomeroy, 3; Riverhead, Aux., 60, S. S., 9.01; Buffalo, Mrs. W. G. Bancroft, 100, First Ch., Mrs. Haines's S. S. Class, 5; Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 25; Poughkeepsie, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. S. J. Rhynus, 25, Mrs. T. M. Gilbert, 22, Miss H. J. Andrus, 10, Mrs. H. H. White, 6.75; Sidney, Aux., 5.72; Flushing, Acorn M. B., 43.12; Ogdensburg, Junior C. E., 3; Bedford Park, Junior C. E., 5; Syracuse, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. B. Wilson, 25; Sloan, Halsted Ave. Aux., 15; Brooklyn, Ply-	
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mouth Ch., Y. L. Guild, 51.55, S. S. Class, 52.66; Lewis Ave. Ch., Earnest Workers, const. L. M. Bertha Day, 69.35, Tompkins Ave. Ch., S. S. Class, 25, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 10, Central Ch., Aux., 150, Ch. of the Pilgrims, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Cambridgeboro, Pa., 10; Sherburne, Aux., 50; Phoenix, Aux., 42; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 25; Mt. Sinai, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Watertown, Ladies' Missy Soc'y, 20; Nelhasane, Mrs. F. G. Halleck, 2.40; Less expenses, 3.75,	1,006 81
Total,	1,006 81

LEGACY.

<i>Gloversville, N. Y.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Sarah B. Place, in part,	4,750 00
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PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25, from Mrs. Augusta P. Whittlesey, const. L. M. Frances Whittlesey), 85, M. C., 150, N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 12; Glen Ridge, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Montclair, Aux., Thank Off., 45; Orange Valley, Aux., 17; Plainfield, Aux., 10, Penn., Germantown, Neesima Guild, 10, Y. P. S. C. E., 11; Less expenses, 49,	301 00
Total,	301 00

FLORIDA.

<i>Winter Park.</i> —Aux.,	10 00
Total,	10 00

LOUISIANA.

<i>Lake Charles.</i> —Mrs. H. L. Hubbell,	5 00
Total,	5 00

OHIO.

<i>Canal Dover.</i> —Junior Class of Welsh Union Ch.,	11 45
Total,	11 45

CALIFORNIA.

<i>Pasadena.</i> —A Friend,	1 40
Total,	1 40

CANADA.

W. B. M.,	13 00
<i>Waterville.</i> —Quebec.—Missy Soc'y,	5 00
Total,	18 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>China.</i> —Foochow.—Girls' Boarding School,	5 00
<i>India.</i> —Madura.—Girls' Boarding School,	1 24
Total,	6 24
General Funds,	4,948 77
Gifts for Special Objects,	573 55
Variety Account,	69 06
Legacies,	4,800 00
Total,	\$10,391 38



JAPAN.

FROM THE DOSHISHA, KYOTO.

BY MISS M. F. DENTON.

MY DEAR MRS. FARNAM: Your questions or topics touch exactly on points that I want to speak of.

INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON OUR WORK.

1. Early in the year we felt the influence of the war, chiefly in our diminished numbers and in the spirit of unrest in the school, which made intellectual progress slow, and quite prevented any spiritual uplift in the school. Only the careful attention of the foreign teachers kept the girls from giving up the principal dishes from their daily table; they did give up more than we wished; and as they pay so little for their board, a small change may be of great loss. In the end, the responsibilities for the future in the changed relation of Japan to Korea and China, in the line of responsibility and her need to take a higher place in the family of nations, helped to sober the girls and to deepen their spiritual life. This, of course, applies largely to the Christian girls. Those not converted were, I am inclined to think, so taken up with the "situation," and especially with Japan's great success, that they felt the need of Christ less than they would, and were harder to reach. It already seems like ancient history, so quickly have we settled down.

PROGRESS MADE.

2. The report (nineteenth annual report) which you have already received will bring out the answer.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

3. (a) The close and sympathetic union of the teachers, foreign and Japanese.

(b) The good work of our Sunday schools and of our girls in them.

(c) The kindness, sympathy, and help of the teachers, foreign and Japanese, in the boys' school.

(d) The position of the new Minister of Education in relation to the higher education of woman, which must make for great good in the future of our work.

(e) The good influence of the older girls, and their earnest and beautiful lives.

(f) The feeling of responsibility that has been roused toward spreading the gospel in Japan, and beyond into Korea and China; but time fails me to tell of the measure pressed down and running over that is filled for us.

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

4. Our slowly accumulating debt weighs very heavily upon us, and the war has left us worse off in this regard, for our Japanese friends are not able to do much for it. One hundred dollars a year in addition to what the Board gives us (three hundred yen) would, I am sure, take us over these troubles. That would pay the salary of three lady teachers almost, and, if sent directly for that, would smooth many a wrinkle from our brows and add many a night's sleep to us!

We have lost one of our best teachers, whose place we hardly know how to fill. Many of you know her—Sakota San, who has been a power in the school for these many years, first as a pupil, then as a teacher; and with untried teachers in the future there is somewhat to be feared; but specially do we fear that the number will be small, and our financial burden greater.

(To be continued.)

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MRS. T. J. BALDWIN.

BROUSA, January 13, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. FARNAM: As it is New Year's Day for all our native friends, it will not be amiss, though it seem late, to wish a happy New Year to you and all that large circle of loving, interested workers on the Pacific Coast. If ever I had occasion to be grateful to you all, it is now, when you have done so much to make the present holiday season bright and happy for so many children. We closed school Friday last, after a long term of nineteen weeks, and to-day is really the first day of our short vacation.

Work, and plenty of it, has been the safety valve for many weeks, and I have not realized till now that I am tired. We still continue to hear of terrible doings in new places, or a repetition in old, and our hearts grow

faint when we think of what may possibly come to the people here, or to those in our own field whom we love like brothers, and sisters, and children.

I cannot write about it! My pen almost refuses to move, while my heart goes up in prayer that God will have mercy, and in His own time and way deliver us all from the hand of the oppressor. We cannot understand. We cannot answer the agonizing question "Why?" that is constantly put to us. We realize as never before that

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

A good brother from one of our villages who was with us yesterday, said, "If in this way the door is to be opened wide for the preaching of the gospel to all nationalities in this land, I shall be satisfied." And yet he goes back to his home to-day in bodily fear and trembling, not knowing what is to befall him and his, but, if need be, willing to be sacrificed for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom.

It was well we had that little outing by the sea last summer, for immediately on our return our renewed strength was called into use by a trip to one of our outstations. We found the wife of the pastor prostrated by a lingering illness, so that during our stay I scarcely left her bedside except to minister to her in some other way; and now I am glad of the privilege, for she and her five-year-old boy were soon after called away from earth. Though her body was emaciated to the last degree, her mind was clear, and she died triumphantly rejoicing in her Saviour. The memory of her patient, gentle life, and the lessons carried away from the sick chamber, will linger long in the minds of the women of the whole village.

We came home just as the fatal cholera wave broke over the city, and for days we were in the midst of exciting scenes; until, however, the authorities imposed the dreaded quarantine again, we were able to go in and out and to do what we could to relieve distress, though I very narrowly escaped being shut up for eleven days at a neighbor's where first the father and then the daughter died, the latter a few hours after I left the house. So engrossed was I that I was not aware of what was going on until a guard was actually standing before the street door. On his refusing to let me pass out, I ran quickly to the garden, climbed down a steep ladder to a terrace below, and from there scrambled along the dry, stony bed of a mountain stream, until I came to a place where it seemed safe to emerge into the street again. It was an intensely hot day, and I was quite overcome when I reached the pastor's house, where I stayed a few hours before coming home.

After that we could give assistance only from the outside, but even this was a comfort to those thus shut up. It was with some hesitancy that I

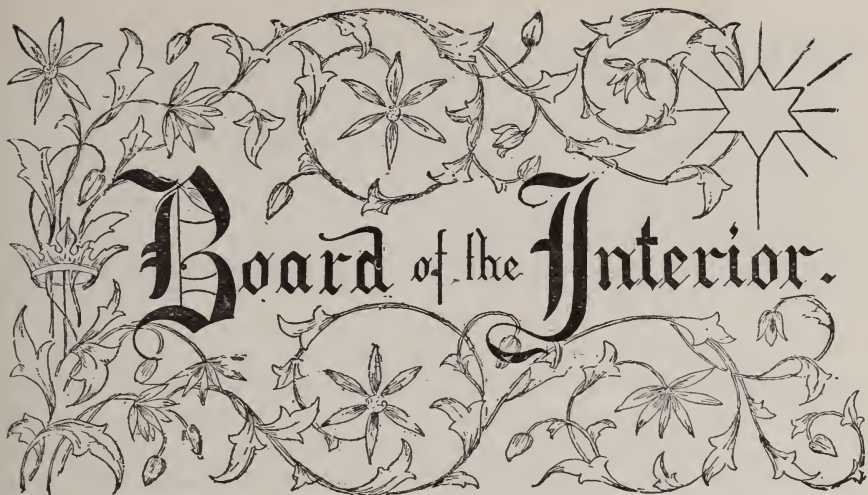
opened school September second, fearing it might be peremptorily closed as it was last year, but we were not disturbed. The exaggerated reports that reached Constantinople prevented the assistant teacher from returning in time, as well as pupils from several families who had fled in alarm from the city. Some new pupils came in, however, and others returning later, we had on the whole a satisfactory term; for, once sheltered within the walls of the school premises with the big gate locked on the inside, we often forgot for hours the troubles and agitations of the outside world.

November nineteenth is noted in my diary as the day on which the scrapbooks arrived, and I assure you I was taken by surprise; such a bountiful supply I had never dreamed of. I cannot, I am sure, make you realize how much pleasure the books gave. They were something quite new, and there were so many that no one could look with envious eyes on another. I sent a number to the boarding school, as they had a tree and their closing exercises before ours, on account of Greek Christmas.

When the last day of our term came, January roth, instead of inviting the school here to the house, as usual, we invited the boys' school with their teacher to meet with us in our large schoolroom. There were about fifty girls in the desks and about twenty boys in seats arranged on one side; while on the opposite side were Mr. Baldwin, the pastor, and his family, the teachers from the boarding school and others.

We had no tree, but arranged the presents to show to good advantage where the children might feast their eyes upon them during the exercises. These consisted of Christmas songs, and hymns, and recitations in Armenian and English, the leading idea being "The Star"; while from a wire hung a large gilt star, which Mr. Baldwin made for us. Then came the distribution of the gifts; and besides a scrapbook and bag of candy for each, there were some other little things, such as a doll, an apron, a box fitted up with inkstand, pens, pencils, etc., or a needlecase.

To all the societies, to all the circles, to all the Sunday-school classes, to all the individuals who helped in this work, let me say "Thank you" as heartily as I know how. The big books, the little books, the fat books, the thin books, the pink books, the blue books, all found happy owners, and were carried home to be looked over and enjoyed by the whole family. It was a most generous and acceptable donation; and if in the preparation some grew more interested in our Brousa schools, you may be sure that many here think glad thoughts when they hear the word California. Whatever comes from America seems to possess peculiar charms here, and fresh ideas or patterns are eagerly sought, and copied, if possible, to say nothing of the strengthening of the bond of love that should and does unite us all.



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WE are grateful that there are "times of refreshing" throughout the year, when new zeal and courage are imparted to earnest workers for God's kingdom. Such are Christmas, when the good tidings come to us with new meaning; the New Year, when we make new and good resolutions; the beginning of cold weather, when we feel renewed vigor and plan our winter's campaign; and Easter, when nature puts on new life and gladness, and says to us, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

PREPARATIONS for branch meetings and for division of labor in view thereof, go on, merrily, we might almost say, so shining are the faces of those who prepare the way for the feet of them who carry the good tidings of salvation.

THOREAU says: "Not by constraint or severity shall you have access to true wisdom, but by abandonment and childlike mirthfulness. If you would know aught, be gay before it." There is wisdom in this.

THE library in our rooms looks well thumbed over, and books are often wanted and wanting. This is promising, and if the leader who searches out her material for meetings will persuade any of her audience to read the

book, she will be doing double service. Just now it would be helpful to our work if some of our valuable missionary literature could come more into the general reading, and not to our mission-loving readers only. Information about Turkey, Japan, and Africa, so much in demand now, can be well supplied by the works of our own missionaries. A new book is noticed in our columns written by a converted Japanese, and treats of Christianity as we sometimes wish we could see it,—untrammelled by traditions and words of man's wisdom, and with the fresh, keen interest that attaches to the dawn of new truth.

MANY missionaries have lately given unusual interest to our Friday prayer meetings. The latest of these is Mrs. Goodrich, of China, a keen observer, with a vivid, inspiring way of putting the work and workers before us. Dr. and Mrs. Thom and Miss Webb of Turkey, and Miss Howe of Japan, have also been in Chicago, and leaders of mission bands and other societies have discovered them.

NEWS from Turkey changes fast, and is in the daily papers besides, so that a monthly issue gives information that everybody has been long familiar with. Now our eyes are turned to Russia's influence in Turkey, well knowing that it is adverse to our missionaries. But in Russia, so a recent sermon by Dr. Th. Hall informs us, "early in this century the Czar gave permission to the American and English Bible societies to distribute, to print, and to sell the Scriptures everywhere all over Russia. It is not always read by the common people in their homes, but it is read by the villagers in groups. It is learned and committed to memory, and is scattered broadcast all over Russia, being circulated sometimes in clumsy manuscript where the printed page is not accessible." The missionaries cling all the closer to their work in Turkey in these terrible times of darkness. They say there is new hope in their work. "The differences between the Protestant community and the Gregorians are fast melting away. To leave the field now would be to give up the possibility of a stronger position and wider influence than has ever before been possible in the history of these missions."

The following report is from the *Advance* of March 26th, of one of the meetings at 59 Dearborn Street. It gives a suggestion of what the meetings are like, though it cannot show the deep interest of the large gathering. This is a full report of Mrs. Goodrich's most interesting address:—

March 20th.—Individual responsibility was the theme brought forward by Mrs. Ripley, of Hinsdale, in opening the meeting. She read, from Mark xii., Christ's answer to the question of the scribe giving the two great com-

mandments, and emphasized the truth that the responsibility of a community or a nation is made up of that of individuals. Each of us is responsible for the influence and power of one. No man or woman is responsible for more. May each one lift high the light of faith and righteousness in home, society, the church, and the whole world. The Calendar appeal for missionaries in North China was read, and every heart responded to Miss Spence's earnest prayer for them. Mrs. Haven, mother of our missionary in Peking, reminded us that to-morrow would be Miss Haven's birthday. Monday, the 23d, is devoted to her in the Calendar with the words,

The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring.

But we can pray more than one day for her to whom these words apply so well.

Mrs. Haven said that when her daughter asked her if she could let her go to China, her answer was, "Yes, if you have the courage to go." Mrs. Goodrich, of North China, was introduced as a sister to Miss Haven. She spoke feelingly of their having gone out and begun their work in China together. She went on to give pictures of work in China, beginning: "You who are here know how important it is to Americanize those who come to you from foreign lands before you can do them any good. You must make them feel that you have something better than they have. Now, we go to China and we have not one thing to offer the people which they want. They do not want English. We are only foreign devils to them. They cannot understand how any one can listen to us. If one of their neighbors does listen they use their word *mehose* (hypnotized). We are different in speech, language, dress. Miss Russell can put on their dress, and they like her in it. She is small, and has dark eyes and hair. Miss Haven puts it on and it does not please them. She is tall and light, with blue eyes. We cannot win them in that way.

"Then we cannot live in our homes down at the Chinese level. We are willing to do it if we might thereby win them to Christ. But it is impossible. We cannot go back two thousand years. Chinese roads, inns, and houses are just like those in the life of our Saviour. Only by heart touching heart can we reach that people. Our only hope is in the gift of the Holy Spirit to make them willing to receive something from outside their own land. Money is not going to open the door of their hearts. Only the Holy Spirit can open that door. We begin with those who come to us in our homes. We need some one to do our errands in these strange streets, a cook, a teacher. They see after a little that we have something they have not. We do not get angry. We speak the truth. When one begins to believe

in Jesus he wants to give this great gift to some one else. Some, even, of the best people we know become estranged from us.

“We had a teacher in Tung-cho from the aristocracy. His family had been wealthy but had lost their money, and he was obliged to teach. We read the Bible with him constantly, as we had to. This man can tell more of the history of the Old and New Testaments than most ministers in this city. He knows the whole book intellectually. In our busy lives he prepares lists of questions for our classes, afterwards revised or changed, as may be necessary. He understands our work, he loves and believes in missionaries. But he is the eldest son. He stands at the head of a large family. He is the one to conduct the worship of his ancestors, and he cannot give it up for his mother’s sake. ‘Can you not lead her to the truth?’ we say. ‘No; she is too old, too bound up. For my mother’s sake I cannot give up the worship of my ancestors.’ Confucianism is not a religion. It deals only with the present life.

“Buddhism has come in with a more spiritual power. Every Confucian family sends for a Buddhist priest for a funeral ceremony. But ancestral worship controls every Chinese heart. Even those converted to the Moslem faith worship ancestors. A mother has control of body and soul. A father, or an elder as he is called, in a family has complete control over sons and cousins to the furthest degree. ‘My father’s fifth cousin controls me,’ one will say. Power in China is all in the hands of the old. The admiral of their navy is over seventy; Li Hung Chang is over seventy. The Emperor has no power, for the Empress Dowager, over sixty, a woman of imperial will and splendid intellect, holds the seal of state. Every mandarin is determined nothing shall break the power of ancestral worship. Look at China. No code of morals outside of the Bible is so perfect as that of Confucius. You cannot give the Chinese a Bible maxim but they will match it with one from Confucius. But Christianity says, ‘Where God’s law clashes with the mother’s will, God’s law shall prevail.’ Therefore they will have none of it.

“Of course they read. Prizes are offered there for the best essays on Christian doctrine. But they know that to accept our Bible means giving up all they hold dear. A young man, a student in our Tung-cho College, became a Christian. When a married man, with a child, he came in bruised and bleeding, and replied to questions with, ‘My mother said she would not have me a Christian; she would beat it out of me.’ For ten years that mother reviled him, persecuted him, then one day he came in radiant. He had been ill, very near to the open gate of heaven, he believed, but came back, he then knew, to see his mother. ‘All these years she has resisted,’

he told us, 'but to-day she says, "I see now that it was God in your heart, and I want to be saved too."' That mother over sixty, a grandmother eighty, a sister, brother, and brother's wife have united with the church, the sister delaying her marriage that she might learn the truth more perfectly.

"Girls in village schools receive the truth in their hearts which brings forth fruit long after. One woman, so taught when young, had her Testament burned by her husband. Placing her hands on her heart she said: 'He cannot take away my book. It is in here.' Pray, O pray for China, and for Turkey, where relief work so absorbs the time of our missionaries."

M. J. W.

BOOK NOTICE.

THERE are few Christians who have not had times of wishing that they might have the spiritual impressions produced by the first hearing of the transforming truths of Christianity. Who has not longed for a frank and full statement of the thoughts of those "common people" who, wearied and unsatisfied with the teachings of Scribes, "heard gladly" the words of the Galilean Teacher? Next to this we have often wished that we might read the frank story of the process of thought in the mind of an intelligent pagan as he gave up his false religion for Christianity. We have just this in "The Diary of a Japanese Convert," by Kanzō Uchimura. This young man takes his journal, begun in 1877, and, giving its entries, comments on them in the light of his better understanding of himself and of Christian experience and Christian truth in 1895.

It is a very valuable revelation of a religious nature as wrought upon by missionary teaching and influence. We get views of both sides, and the missionary gets that valuable glimpse of himself as others see him, which is always helpful to the earnest and sincere soul. In the subsequent life of this thoughtful Japanese in this country, the frank expressions of opinion do not need to be absolutely correct to be very interesting, and suggestive of needed modifications and improvements in us.

Every genuine revelation of a human heart is of deep interest to every other genuine heart. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. "I have told you," he writes in closing, "how I became a convert to Christianity. Should my life prove eventful enough, and my readers not tired of my ways of telling, I have in mind another book of later experiences." It is by all means to be hoped that Mr. Uchimura will carry out his purpose. His "ways of telling" give an added charm to his story.

J. G. J.

GIVING.

Helps.—Read Dr. Strong's "Our Country," chapter xv., "Money and the Kingdom." "The New West," Rev. E. P. Tenney. Story's "Conversations in a Studio," pages 373-377 and 550-551. Storr's "Divine Origin of Christianity," pages 272-274 and 588-591. Dorchester's "Problem of Religious Progress," pages 290-292. Stalker's "Imago Christi," pages 203-220.

Leaflets.—"Thanksgiving Ann," Chicago, 310 Ashland Ave. "Giving," Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. "An Experiment in Systematic Giving," by Rev. George A. Gates, Bible House, New York. "A Talk on Mite Boxes," Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, 14 Tremont Temple, Boston. "The World for Christ Leaflets," "Hap-Hazard Giving," and others, 39 Bible House, New York. "A Sermon on Tithes," by Blind Hohannes; "The Tithe," by M. L. M.; American Board, Boston. "O. P. J.," W. B. M. I., Chicago.

I. "A Prolific Root of Multiform Evils." 1 Timothy vi. 10. Love of money leads to every sin.

II. A Caution Against a Peril. Psalms lxii. 10.

III. A Remedy. Systematic Giving. Genesis xxviii. 22. (1) It strikes at the very root of selfishness. (2) It will give a clear conscience. (3) By using some system, anyone will give more than if he gives at hap-hazard. (4) The general adoption of a system would equalize burdens. (5) Those who give regularly and on principle are more likely to enjoy prosperity.

IV. "Purification Through Almsgiving." Luke xi. 41. (1) Love is the highest grace of human character. Love is always bestowing. (2) The giving of alms according to one's ability puts one in cordial and happy relations with his fellow-men. (3) The giving of alms creates happy memories. (4) Giving sanctifies life in the brightening of hope. "Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up for a memorial before God."

HIROSHIMA.

HIROSHIMA was not to be found in old editions of the guidebook, but it is famous now. The railroad made it accessible, and the war brought it into prominence. The jinrikisha ride through its streets was not a pleasant one, for carts and heavy weights have made them rutty, and one bumps along helplessly. There are many soldiers in its streets bent on some duty; many horses, also,—an unusual sight in the greater part of Japan. There stood a long row of them, each with a soldier at its head, and each loaded, ready to start for some point and for some kind of important drill. There

was another row of the same animals in their stalls, their heads turned the wrong way.

Now and then an officer galloped quickly past us, and our men, as they heard the coming hoofs, uttered a short, sharp cry and drew out of the way. It is entertaining to hear this sound which will pass on through a row of jinrikisha men when something gets in the way, or threatens the rear. They are always good-natured, and many seem helpfully inclined, and will lend a hand to a comrade pulling hard up a hill. To a frequenter of Western city streets, it is a comfort to miss the rude, profane ejaculations, and violent actions of the drivers of broken-spirited horses, and heavily laden vehicles. Instead of these are nimble men with their baby carriages or their two-wheeled carts, and their contented, cheerful ways. They seem to be interested in seating you comfortably, and in disposing of your packages or wraps in the ways most comfortable for you. But after that, you are convinced that all they care for is the fare end of the journey, and it is next to impossible to make them change their route or their pace when a helpless, English-speaking foreigner is in their clutches. Such a person clings close to Japanese friends on these expeditions. Prices have gone up in Hiroshima, our friends tell us, prices of everything, since the war; and still the busy life continues there, for it is the base of supplies for the army, and the port for the arrival and departure of troops. A steamer was setting out for Formosa, with its freight of soldiers, while we were being transferred on the morning after our arrival from a flat-bottomed rowboat to a small steamer. The men put matting on the forward deck for us, which we supplemented with our rugs, and seated on them we turned our faces toward one of the three famous sights of Japan—according to the Japanese idea. No scene of beauty can be more beautiful than this inland sea, as looked on from the deck of a small vessel on a calm, clear day. This must be what some of our hilly countries once were in long-past ages, when all the hills were islands, and the valleys and fertile plains lakes. You can wind in and out among these ever varying hills, new water ways revealing themselves as you sail a little farther on. And some of these island hills are bare and rocky, and others of the richest verdure, and some are covered with Japan's dainty maple trees, now all tinged with red. Then, far as you can see, the horizon is bounded with mountain ranges rising beyond these lesser heights, while clouds are caught on their summits, and blue and white mists nestle in the distant hollows, and the beauty above is reflected in the mirror below till heart and eyes are filled to overflowing with loveliness.

A small steamer seemed to be swallowed up in the forest growth of an island directly in front of us; but as we neared it and turned, we too

vanished into a narrow passage that revealed itself, and soon we saw before us one of those graceful gateways, simple lines of beauty they call *Torii*, rising up out of the water. The sea swept under and around it, and on to a temple on the edge of the island that seemed to float out to meet the waters. This is the island of *Miadjima*, with its temple and its water gate, and this is one of the three famous sights of Japan. The gallery approaches, that lead into the temple, are lined with pictures by famous Japanese artists,—the old masters. A guide stands ready to describe them to an unappreciative audience. But when we pass a very poor chromo of the *Eiffel Tower*, we feel that the tables are turned; they surely do not appreciate Western art who put a daub like this among their old masters. The temple approaches are also lined with dealers and their wares, consisting of trays, boxes, and other articles made from various woods, and beautifully polished and carved. This is the specialty of *Miadjima*. So one will find in much of Japan special kinds of handicraft or of natural productions limited to a certain town, or village, or province.

We climbed the narrow streets to a beautiful tea house on the side of the hill. We took off our shoes and sat down on the soft mats around a low table. From the open sides of the pretty apartment we looked out on the red-leafed maples, the fanciful garden with its summer houses, rocks, and tiny bridges, and off to the sea below. We took our luncheon with us, and attendants brought in what dishes we needed, and waited on us most deftly. The nature-loving and picnic-loving Japanese have made it possible to get comfort as well as keen enjoyment in such excursions.

Hiroshima has its *Daimio's* castle and park, and this last is very beautiful. We wandered through on a fine morning, followed by the usual accompaniment of men and boys, and children with babies on their backs. There were winding walks and short, steep climbs, rustic and stone bridges, islands, dwarfed trees, foliage, flowers, concealed beauty breaking into view from some opening in the trees or turn in the path,—a tiny shrine hidden in thick shade. These were the scenes we lingered over, and then looked down upon, from the eminence where the old *Daimio* used to stand and view the sunset. His castle is used now for a soldiers' garrison.

Our principal object in visiting *Hiroshima* was to see the work of one of our missionaries, *Miss Talcott*, in the soldiers' hospitals. There are four permanent hospital buildings, besides temporary structures. A year or two ago *Mrs. Neesima* was there at the head of fifty women nurses. But now all the nurses are men, and with the attendants all in white, and convalescents moving about in white, wadded wrappers, everything looked comfortable, sunny, and neat. We were not admitted to wards where cases were

serious. Two ladies, one an American, Miss Talcott, the other a Japanese, widow of Lieutenant Foulk, both of whom had permission from Government to visit the patients, were going from cot to cot. We saw the eager welcomes received, and faces lit up at sight of the well-known friends. They had their writing tablets, and books, papers, and flowers with them. We visitors had the privilege of arranging a spray or two of flowers and foliage in bottles and putting them up in sight of the patients, also of giving friendly greetings here and there to those who might be interested in meeting the strangers.

Mr. Northrop has written of these hospitals and of our "Clara Barton of Japan," in the *Congregationalist* of February 27th. Miss Gaines, of the Methodist Mission, entertained us in her large school building during our stay in Hiroshima, with most delightful hospitality. This was also Miss Talcott's home, and the home, too, of a young lady recently arrived in Japan, an Episcopalian, who in its shelter was already finding a work for herself.

This girls' school is large and flourishing, with a fine kindergarten, presided over by Miss Koka, one of our Kobe graduates. The mothers of these children were invited to meet us. They are, for the most part, not Christian women, but are greatly interested in the progress of their children, and listened attentively to addresses on that occasion, and afterwards met us most cordially.

Miss Gaines says of her work,—and with her long and rich experience her words are valuable,—that in her opinion no Christian work surpasses efficient instruction and training in a girls' school, combined with following the graduates into their after lives by visiting and correspondence. Miss Talcott told us of the work among the sick and wounded soldiers, and of its happy results, and how correspondence was kept up with many who in these times of enforced quiet had become seekers after truth.

As we left our kind hostess the children of the kindergarten, with their teachers, formed in a line on each side of the pathway to the gate. Flowers were in their hands, and they sang as they presented them to us, "God be with you till we meet again." And our hearts responded, "*Sayonara*, Little Travelers Zionward!"

M. R. J.

TWO TRIPS BY TRAIN.

BY MISS ANSTICE ABBOTT.

A FEW days ago my sister and I started on a five hours' trip by train, and had as companions in the compartment a Brahman woman with four children and a widowed mother. The woman had a bright face and had the jewels and air of a well-to-do woman. The widow, with her shaved head and clothed in her single garment, a coarse *saree*, sat curled up in a

corner of a seat, alternately shivering and burning with malarious fever. After a little general conversation with the younger woman, I said to her, "Why do you not give your poor mother some water? She is continually calling for it?" "Because she has not performed her ceremonies this morning; we had to start too early. However, as she has fever, I am allowed to give her a little, but if I give her some now she will be asking for more." She took a little brass cup, however, and gave the sick woman a few sips. "Why do you not make your mother more comfortable?" I continued. "See how well you look, and your poor mother so forlorn, with no jewels, and only that one thin garment! Do you not love your mother? How can you let her be in such a condition?" "What can I do?" she answered. "My mother was a magistrate's wife, and had beautiful clothes, a very expensive shawl, and a great box full of jewels. Now look at her! But I can do nothing."

"Why can you do nothing? What would happen if you took loving care of your sick and sorrowing mother? If you should dress her warmly and comfortably, give her good nourishing food twice or thrice a day, and show her that she was loved and respected more than ever, what would happen?" The tears came into the daughter's eyes as she answered: "We should all be put out of caste and persecuted in every way. I would like to do it, but I cannot." "Would not the love you have to your mother make you brave enough to do anything for her sake?" "O no; for it is not only I that would suffer but my whole family; my husband and my children would be outcasts. No, I dare not do it." "It seems to me that the Hindu religion was made for men only," I said, "not for women. I pray every day that the women of India may some day be free in the religion of Jesus Christ." "We Brahman women have a daily prayer, too." "What is it?" "We pray every day that we may die before our husbands."

All this time the poor widow was listening as intently as she could, and so now I had a precious opportunity to tell them both of the Saviour's love, and how this Divine love begets love and mercy in the hearts of those who believe on him. Both of the women were visibly affected. The husband was a government official in a small village where there were no schools and no missionary work. Neither of the women could read, although the husband knew English very well, the wife said. It seemed so hard to leave these poor women with just a sip of the living water, with no way, as far as I could see, of having their weary souls refreshed, however much they might thirst and long for the "healing stream." But He who gave the daughter of Israel to drink of the living water, can make of the sip a healing flood to save and comfort these daughters of India.

On our return journey, our compartment was shared by a large company of Brahman women. Our experience with them was a marked contrast with that written above.

One of the women was laden with jewels and had on rich clothes, but her manners stamped her at once as an untraveled woman of the old orthodox Hindu type. The others were a merry party, who had been up to Poona during the sittings of the Social Conference, and were all chatting and laughing together. The countrywoman began by examining my sister and myself, leaned over to see our traveling bags, and got up to feel of my wrap. Not imagining that we could understand Marathi, she talked to the other women about us, and gave her opinion as to which of us was the "second wife." Then she gave her attention to her Brahman neighbors, and was very curious as to some alteration in the usual Brahman dress. She could not understand the Anglicized dress of the children, was astonished to find that all of the women could read, but was scandalized that two of them could read and talk English well. But her scorn was without bounds when, at a station, the husband of one of the women handed in, through the window, some rolls and cakes for them all to eat. Wherever these cakes had been made, they were the same as Europeans have. We kept quiet a long time, just listening to the most interesting conversation between these women. The ignorance and wonder of the one, and the coolness and ease with which the others explained the change in their social customs and advantages, was something most edifying. The two young women who understood English had been brought up in mission schools, and although they were Hindu still, we could not help thinking, what hath Christianity wrought, in seeing how their ideas and those of their relatives had been changed and moulded by the influence of Bible teaching. When we joined in the conversation, in English and in Marathi, the reformed women, as they called themselves, were greatly pleased and talked freely with us; the orthodox woman was simply stupefied, not only that we could talk Marathi, but at the evident pleasure and comradeship our conversation evinced. Our mention of Christ and Christianity had evidently no meaning for her; we might as well have talked of bacteria and protoplasm. But when we turned to speak directly to her, she got up and began to examine the jewelry upon the others, and to ask the price, etc. The educated "reformed" Brahman women are lovable, attractive women, and our hearts go out to them, and we long to lead out their steps still farther until they can walk in the glorious liberty of the gospel, which will mean to them a sweeter, more womanly, a truer and more modest life than the purdah can ever give them.

For the Young People.

ODOOVILLE, JAFFNA, CEYLON, 8th Feb., 1896.

MY DEAR MISS WINGATE: Can the children at home fancy what a Christmas in Ceylon would be like, with its burning sun? It's the season of the year when we do have a bit of green, therefore a "green Christmas."

Our shipment was late this year, as it usually is; so of course Christmas was a bit late, as Santa Claus sends our things from America. Our 1894 Christmas did not come until February, '95!!

Our dear Miss Howland is still in America, so the celebration fell to me alone this year. But I knew she would be glad to help, even with the thousands of miles between us.

I wrote her my Christmas plans early in the year, and told her at last I, too, had turned beggar. I wanted to give every girl in the school a little Christmas gift, that they might remember it was the giving time, the time when the Christ child was given us. Yes, I want to teach them to give to each other. They are by nature a receiving people, and not a giving spirit is to be found among them.

But my courage failed when I counted what such a treat would cost, and I asked her in speaking to young ladies to mention the fact that a yard and a half of calico or lawn would make a pretty jacket for a girl here, and would only cost one street-car fare; and to tell them if they could see how very happy the recipient of this bit of cloth would be, they surely would be glad to do so much.

Miss Howland went to work at once in her quiet way, and when the home box came, I was so happy I cried for joy (folks do sometimes), for I had planned my whole entertainment, and had promised all the girls, yes, and the village Y. P. S. C. E., a special treat, and did not know where the things were to come from. As we have one hundred and forty in the boarding school, and our village Y. P. S. C. E. numbers one hundred more, I had to plan very carefully to have a present for each. But when the box was opened I had something to be thankful for. I always have! It's easier to feel thankful here for small blessing than in the home land, and it takes less to make us happy here.

But I have asked one of my own dear girls to write you about the entertainment, and what they thought of it all. And it has been copied just as she wrote it; so please excuse grammatical mistakes, as English is not her "mother tongue." With much love to all at the rooms, believe me sincerely yours,

KATIE MYERS.

DEAR MADAM: All the people of the world have their own special festival days according to the religion they profess. Christmas is such a day with the Christians of all denominations.

Our school numbers at least one hundred and thirty girls, and our principal granted leave to go home on the 24th, and we were to return promptly on the 28th Dec., as that was our entertainment night. All but those who live at a great distance went, and we who remained behind had special treats during these days.

All returned on the fixed day. But as Miss Myers was not well enough to be about we did not have our entertainment until on the evening of the 30th.

A real tree was cut down for the purpose of hanging on the presents and was planted in the big school-room. The presents consisted of different kinds of cloth for jackets, one for each girl; Beautiful red, white and yellow bags made of some thin material and filled with sweets and parched pease, dolls, combs, and for each of the senior class a needle work bag containing thimble, needles, thread, and a scissors.

Indeed the way the tree was decorated is beyond discription. Wreaths, flags, stars, and chains made of coloured paper. And the whole illumined with six dozen candles and a lot of Chinese lanterns.

Miss Myers asked Dr. Greve and Miss Smith to come and help decorate the School and tree, and they hung cloth over the windows while they were at work. But when these ladies went to their food, the teachers got in and hung a small silk quilt, kerchiefs, and a few other things on the tree for our dear lady principal, who was working every nerve to make us have a pleasant time.

When the clock struck seven we were invited to come in, and we feasted our eyes with the scenery the school-room presented. I assure you that this is the first scenery of its kind I ever saw in my life time, and I have been here in this school ten years.

Then we had declamations, and some songs in English from some of our girls, and several played a few times on the harmonium. These exercises being over Miss Myers told us if we were patient she was sure St. Nicholas would come to see us, and he would give us our presents. Then we began talking with each other with surprise,—“Who is he?” “What kind of a man?” “Whence is he coming?” and “What will he do?” We were all in fever heat to see him.

Presently Miss Myers came in, and with her an old looking man, with a long gray beard, shaggy mantle and a very small furry cap on his head. He entered with a tottering gait, holding onto a walking stick. All the while Miss Myers talked to him as if they were very old friends, and then she would laugh, as only she can. He saluted the girls. And we all shouted with joy as we saw his strange dress, and heard his differ-tones. He said it was a year since he had been around, and it gave him great pleasure to see so many pleasant faces, as we were usually asleep when he came. He told us he was the St. Nicholas we had been told about, and made many jokes. Then he turned and told our principal if the girls were good he would like to give them the presents he had seen on the tree. We were not a little surprised as we never had witnessed such a scene.

Then the presents were plucked from the tree and handed to St. Nicholas who gave them to the girls, all the while making some jokes. Miss Myers had to read the names for him as he was too old to see.

Miss Myers had not forgotten to put on presents for the missionaries and their children, even St. Nicholas himself was surprised with a present or two.

I think such a scene would be very common in England and America, but not so with us in our heathen land. We thank the Providence of God which had enabled us to enjoy such privileges and feel ever grateful to our

principal who had taken such pains to encourage us to be merry and glad. But it is very late and I will close. I remain, yours faithfully,

CLARA MEENACHIE NAGAMUTTU.

JAPAN.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE HEART OF A JAPANESE BOY.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF K. UCHIMURA.

I BELIEVED, and that sincerely, that there dwelt in each of innumerable temples its god, jealous over its jurisdiction, ready with punishment to any transgressor that fell under his displeasure. The god whom I revered and adored most was the god of learning and writing, for whom I faithfully observed the twenty-fifth of every month with due sanctity and sacrifice. I prostrated myself before his image, earnestly implored his aid to improve my handwriting and help my memory.

Then there is a god who presides over rice culture, and his errands unto mortals are done by white foxes. He can be approached with prayers to protect our houses from fire and robbery, and, as my father was mostly away from home and I was alone with my mother, I ceased not to beseech this god of rice to keep my poor home from the said disasters. There was another god whom I feared more than all the others. His emblem was a black raven, and he was the searcher of man's inmost heart. The keeper of his temple issued papers, upon which ravens were printed in somber colors, the whole having a miraculous property to cause immediate hemorrhage when taken into the stomach by any one who told a falsehood. I often vindicated my truthfulness before my comrades by calling upon them to test my veracity by the use of a piece of this sacred paper. Still another god exercises healing power over those who suffer from toothache. Him also did I call upon, as I was a constant sufferer from this painful malady. He would exact from his devotee a vow to abstain from pears, as specially obnoxious to him. Future study in chemistry and toxicology revealed to me a good scientific foundation for this abstinence, as the injurious effect of grape sugar upon the decaying teeth is well known. But all of heathen superstitions cannot be so happily explained. One god would impose upon me abstinence from beans, another from the use of eggs, till after I had made all my vows, many of my boyish delicacies were entered upon the prohibition list. With so many gods to satisfy and appease I was naturally a fretful, timid child. I framed a general prayer to be offered to every one of them, adding, of course, especial requests appropriate to each as I happened to pass before each temple. Every morning as soon as I washed myself I offered this common prayer to each of the four groups of gods, located at the four points of the compass, paying special attention to the eastern group, as the Rising Sun was the greatest of all gods. Where several temples were contiguous to one another the trouble of repeating the same prayer so many times was very great, and I would often prefer a longer route with a less number of sanctuaries. The number of deities to be worshiped increased day by day, till I found my little soul incapable of pleasing them all. But a relief came at last,

One Sunday morning a schoolmate of mine asked me whether I would not go with him to a "certain place in foreigners' quarter where we can hear pretty women sing and a tall, big man with long beard shout and howl upon an elevated place, flinging his arms and twisting his body in all fantastic manners, to all which admittance is entirely free."

Such was his description of a Christian house of worship.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10, 1896.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Miss Mary I. Beattie, of Rockford, Treas. Alton, Ch. of the Redeemer, 14.65; Byron, 6; Chicago, Assn. Convention Collection, 25, Mrs. H. W. Lewis, 3, First Ch., 160, A Friend, 30, Ev. Luth. Ch., 10; Lake View, Ch. of the Redeemer, 6.50, New England Ch., 16.64, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. Follett, 5, Union Park Ch., 4.49, A Friend, 25; Crystal Lake, 3; Glencoe, 27; Granville, 7.70; Hinsdale, 100; Joy Prairie, of wh. 1 is additional Th. Off., 36; Kewanee, 5; Oneida, 6.90; Plainfield, 25.86; Princeton, 10; Rantoul, 5; Rockford, First Ch., 8.95; Rollo, 14.48; Stillman Valley, 5.85; Summerdale, 6.50; Waukegan, 3,	571 52
JUNIOR: Y. L. M. S., Chicago, First Ch., 25, Millard Ave. Ch., 10, Union Park Ch., 41.40; Dover, 1; Griggsville, Cree Miss. Soc., 25; Ottawa, First Ch., 64.62,	167 02
Y. P. M. S.: Chicago, Lake View, Ch. of the Redeemer, 5; Galesburg, Knox College, 50,	55 00
C. E.: Chicago, Covenant Ch., 5, Tabernacle Ch., 13.50; Chillicothe, 2; Dwight, 3; Rogers Park, 10,	33 50
JUVENILE: Hinsdale, 10; Ravenswood, Wee Folks Band, 1; Rollo, 1.82; Sheffield, 10; Summerdale, 2,	24 82
JUNIOR C. E.: Chicago, Englewood, Pilgrim Ch., 10, Pritan Ch., 5; Chillicothe, 1; Peoria, Plymouth Ch., 3,	19 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Bloomington, 30; Evanston, First Ch., 25,	55 00
SPECIAL: Illinois, A Friend, 10; Kankakee, Mrs. A. T. Stephens, 4,	14 00
ARMENIAN SUFFERERS: Chicago, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. Converse, 1, Mrs. Follett, 5, Puritan Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 11.24; Danville, Mrs. A. M. Swan, 8; Jacksonville, Female Academy, 23.60, Mrs. J. A. Bradley, 1, Mrs. E. P. Kirby, 15, Miss Edith Walcott, 1; Washington Heights, Bethany Ch., per Mrs. C. O. Howe, 7,	72 84
Total,	1,012 70

INDIANA.

BRANCH.—Miss M. E. Perry, 51 Broadway, Indianapolis, Treas. Indianapolis, Mayflower Ch., 8; Kokomo, 15; Washington, 10,	33 00
Ft. Wayne.—Kindergarten,	1 00
Total,	34 00

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas. Bear Grove, 4.35; Belmond,	
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Mrs. M. E. Lathrop, 5; Denmark, 12.50; Grinnell, 23.40; Independence, 4; Le Mars, 2.50; Mt. Pleasant, 5.43; Muscatine, First Ch., 60; Sabula, Mrs. H. H. Wood, 5; Sioux City, First Ch., 5.21,	127 39
JUNIOR: Des Moines, Plymouth Rock Soc., 20; Grinnell, Iowa College, Y. W. C. A., 40; Marion, Y. P. M. S., 10,	70 00
C. E.: Cresco, 5; McGregor, 15; Monticello, 5,	25 00
JUVENILE: Cedar Rapids, Willing Workers, 1; Grinnell, Busy Bees, W. Br., 10,	11 00
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Mt. Pleasant,	3 00
SPECIAL: Magnolia, Mrs. Hillis, for Miss Nellie Prescott, Mexico, 10; for the Armenians, Independence, 2; Charles City, C. E., 5; Iowa Falls, 9.55,	26 55
Total,	262 94

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Coats, of Topeka, Treas. Centralia, A Friend, 5; Dover, 5; Topeka, First Ch., 7.60; Seabrook, 4; Wakarusa Valley, 7,	28 60
C. E.: Oneida, 2.91; Twelve Mile, 4; Wellington, 5,	11 91
Total,	40 51

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas. Addison, 6.50; Alpine and Walker, 8.10; Alamo, 2.50; Ann Arbor, to const. L. M. Mrs. M. A. Waples, 25; Ceresco, 3.53; Detroit, Plymouth Ch., 20; Ellsworth, 1; Flint, 6.50; Greenville, 3.35; Grand Rapids, South Ch., 10; Hudson, 5; Lester, 50 cts.; Lansing, Plymouth Ch., 9.16; Laingsburg, 5; Memphis, 6.26; Olivet, 24; Portland, 3.50; Pontiac, 2.70; Ransom, 7; Somerset, 12; Traverse City, 25; Union City, 6; Whitaker, 5.50; Watervliet, 4.32; Ypsilanti, 5.80,	208 32
JUNIOR: Detroit, Woodward Ave. Ch., 17; Grand Rapids, First Ch., 10; Hancock, 33.76; Lansing, 5.67; Manistee, 12; Pontiac, 10,	88 43
C. E.: Bancroft, 5; Crystal, 10; Detroit, First Ch., 4.50; Freeport, 1, Mrs. Anna Wolcott, 1; Litchfield, 5; Morenci, 5; Manistee, 1; Richmond, 3,	35 50
JUNIOR C. E.: Grand Rapids, First Ch., 10; St. Claire, 10,	20 00
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Greenville, Mission Band,	1 92
FOR ARMENIAN SUFFERERS: Alpena, C. E. S.,	2 00
Total,	356 17

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 E. University Ave., St. Paul, Treas. Centre City, 1.63; Cnster, 4; Dawson, 1.20; Fairmont, 5.24; Franconia, 1.50; Gibbon, 1.92; Granite Falls, 2.15; Lake Benton, 1.05; Luverne, Mary C. Heald, 5; Madison, 1.60; Marshall, 4.55; Minneapolis, Como Ave. Ch., 42.50, First Ch., 13.12, Missionary Union, 12.59, Park Ave. Ch., 35.62, Plymouth Ch., 187.44; Montevideo, 1.65; St. Paul, Atlantic Ch., 14.18, Olivet Ch., 10.94, Pacific Ch., 5.35, Plymouth Ch., 24.95; Tyler, 1.67; Winthrop, 4.25,	384 10
C. E.: Brainerd, First Ch., 4.25; Burtrum, 2; Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., 12.50; Fairmont, 1.50; Ham Lake, Fair Oaks Ch., 1.37; Hutchinson, 4; Minneapolis, Lyndale Ch., 6.63, Robbinsdale Ch., 3.20; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., 18; Silver Lake, Bohemian Free Reformed Ch., 5.05,	58 50
MISSION BANDS: Hutchinson,	1 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Ada, 14; Custer, 1.35; Marshall, 77 cts.; Minneapolis, Como Ave. Ch., 7.50; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., 3.84,	27 46
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Hawley, Union Ch., 9.40; Gibbon, 1; Marshall, Birthday Box, 1.30; Minneapolis, Lyndale Ch., 13.65,	25 35
FOR ARMENIAN SUFFERERS: Detroit City, Aux.,	10 70
	507 11
Less expenses,	40 84
Total,	466 27

Rec'd from N. R. C., for American Board Debt, 100.00.

MISSOURI.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. M. Adams, 4427 Morgan St., St. Louis, Treas. Carthage, 5.40; Kansas City, First Ch., 189.73, S. W. Tabernacle Ch., 10; Kidder, 5; St. Louis, Pilgrim Ch., 31, Compton Hill Ch., 60.95, Reber Place Ch., 8,	310 08
C. E.: Carthage, 5; Eldon, 70 cts.; St. Louis, Tabernacle Ch., 2.50,	8 20
JUNIOR C. E.: Sedalia, Second Ch.,	1 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Bonne Terre, 1; Eldon, 1.26; St. Louis, Immanuel Ch., 1.26; Swedish Evan. Ch., 2,	5 52
ARMENIAN AID: Kansas City, S. W. Tabernacle Ch.,	1 00
	325 80
Less expenses,	4 50
Total,	321 30

MONTANA.

UNION.—Mrs. H. E. Jones, of Livingstone, Treas.	
C. E.: Helena,	5 73
Total,	5 73

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Cincinnati, Vine St. Ch., 57.20; Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Ch., 41.55, Hough Ave. Ch., 7; Elyria, 70.90; Harbor, Second Ch., 7; Madison, 36.20; Oberlin, 80; Toledo, Central Ch., 3.50; Wellington, 7.12,	310 47
C.,	25 00
C. E.: Cincinnati, Vine St. Ch., 15; Cleveland, Archwood Ave. Ch., 6.89,	21 89

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Elyria, 20; Kinsman, 14.80,	34 80
BEQUEST: Mrs. Eliza L. Manley, Chardon,	100 00
RELIEF FUND: Tallmadge, 17; Toledo, Central Ch., 5,	22 00
SPECIAL: Harmar, for Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Haskell, Samokov,	36 00
	550 16
Less expenses,	10 70
Total,	539 46

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. R. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. Alcester, 5; Beresford, 5; Dakota, Assn., A Friend, 5; Sioux Falls, 16.25,	31 25
C. E.: Beresford, 15; Webster, 4,	19 00
THANK OFFERING: Badger Lake, for Aintab, Turkey,	9 25
Total,	59 50

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. Auroraville, 10; Brandon, 5.50, Mrs. A. Hillman, 5; Beloit, First Ch., 23.60, Second Ch., 10; Delevan, 17.61; Edgerton, 10; Milwaukee, Pilgrim Ch., 10, Grand Ave. Ch., 50; Ripon, 25; Waukesha, 31; Wauwatosa, 12,	209 71
JUNIOR: Delevan, C. E., 10; Edgerton, Bridge Builders, 10; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., 32.76; Wyoming, 3.35,	56 10
JUVENILE: Barretts, 5; Delevan, S. S., 35.94; Genoa Junction, Jun. C. E., 5; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., Jun. C. E. and M. B., 10.65; Racine, Jun. C. E., 5,	61 59
SPECIAL: Mrs. Albion Smith, of Excelsior, for her Bible Woman,	25 00
FOR THE ARMENIANS: Arena, Second Ch., 6; Oshkosh, Plymouth Ch., 2.10, Primary S. S. Class, 40 cts.,	8 50
	360 90
Less expenses,	17 20
Total,	343 70

LIFE MEMBERS: Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Fannie J. Stacy, Mrs. Eliza H. Stickney, Mrs. Anna E. Williams; Waukesha, Aux., Miss Beth Ebersol.

AFRICA.

Umzumbé.—Mrs. Laura B. Bridgman, sale of African stamps,	4 25
Total,	4 25

TURKEY.

Hadjin.—Miss Bates's S. S., 1.40; The Marthas, 14.08; Jerebakau, Children, 80 cts.,	16 28
Total,	16 28

MISCELLANEOUS.

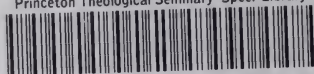
Sale of articles, per M. P. W., 7.50; leaflets, 25.83; envelopes, 4.17; boxes, 2.74; box at Rooms for Armenian sufferers, 4.10,	44 34
Receipts for month,	3,507 15
Previously acknowledged,	10,243 17
Total since Oct. 26, 1895,	\$13,750 32
Mrs. ALFRED B. WILLCOX,	Ass't Treas.

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